

THE STAR ABOVE ALL!



Sole Agents: GILMANS

CHINA MAIL

Established 1845

No. 37147

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Wait And See

It is pleasing to see that the various associations concerned with the Colony's textile industry have come together to form a representative committee to meet the delegation from Lancashire later this month. There is time now for members to consider the attitude Hongkong should adopt.

The China Mail in a recent comment warned against forming inflexible views before Lancashire has put its own proposals. It will be tempting for the local committee to decide at the outset the terms on which talks will be held. For example it may wish to exclude any discussion of made-up goods and limit consideration purely to grey cloth. And there would be wide support for such a move.

But to decide this now would prejudice the chances of the meeting getting very much further than a formal exchange of views and it must be said that there are wide hopes not only in Britain, but in Hongkong too, that some agreement will emerge.

THERE is reason to hope moreover that Lancashire will not attempt to drive a hard bargain. Suggestions have been made that in its desire to finalise agreement with India and Pakistan, who between them export far more than Hongkong and who have made their agreement with Lancashire conditional on one with Hongkong, the British industry is prepared to offer us a reasonably comfortable ceiling.

And if so we will need to weigh carefully whether it would be better to negotiate on this basis than to risk the opprobrium that a refusal might engender in some parts of Britain. Hongkong, too, has a request to make: The Lancashire boycott may not yet be harmful, but it is distasteful that it should be the product of enmity between the Mother country and a Colony and we should desire its riddance.

There are other considerations: deadlock again might seriously alarm. Conservatives in marginal seats in Lancashire and with talk of an autumn election, provoke demands for restrictions. Other countries also regarding Hongkong's textile exports with concern might exploit such action. The right frame of mind for Hongkong should be to look forward to agreement rather than prepare for another defensive action.

You'll be happy

G&C

DELIVER (PURCHASE) FOR YOU THE RE CURRENT



Enquiries and Sales through Alexandra House Arcade

AMERICA'S REAL INTENTIONS IN ISLAND WAR REVEALED

WHAT DULLES SAID PRIVATELY

'U.S. Has Definitely Decided'

Washington, Sept. 5. Sen. H. Alexander Smith said after a half hour conference with the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles today that the United States has "definitely" decided to help defend Quemoy and Matsu islands against Chinese invasion.

Smith, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said: "We have to do that. If we let those down, the whole thing goes."

The Senator said he believes the Administration will get in touch with Republican and Democratic leaders of Congress if the Formosa Straits situation becomes more serious.

Senator Smith was asked whether the United States does not already consider the crisis there very serious. He replied that the United States does not now know what the Chinese will do in view of yesterday's Eisenhower-Dulles warning against any aggressive move.

Big Bluff

He said China's increased military activity in the area "may be a great big bluff."

"If it is worse (than a bluff), we'll let them know there is some strength behind U.S. assurances," Senator Smith said, referring to frequent U.S. statements and treaty commitments to aid the Nationalists.

He said the United States has made a decision to defend Quemoy and Matsu islands against invasion.

"I don't doubt," he replied, "And it is dead right, too."

Senator Smith declined to say directly whether Mr Dulles told him of such a firm decision in today's conference.

But he added: "As I said, we are defending those islands. We are not going in with any aggressive purposes. But if they attack, we'll defend them."

Paris, Sept. 5. The newspaper Paris-Journal in a report from the "Aoms for Peace" conference in Geneva said today that the Soviet Union has had five atomic submarines in operation for more than a year.

We'll Fight If It Is Necessary

By RALPH HARRIS

Washington, Sept. 5. Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, was reported today to have told correspondents at a special briefing that the United States would fight if necessary to keep Quemoy and Matsu out of Communist hands.

'Diplomatic Offensive'

Moscow, Sept. 5. The Soviet Union today said she would deliver a "devastating counter-blow" if the U.S. intervened with direct military action in the Far East, appeared to diplomatic observers here to preface a new diplomatic offensive to settle the Chinese question finally.

The observers said that it also heralded a renewed campaign for Communist China's admittance to the United Nations.

As seen in Moscow, the Far East situation now appeared to overshadow all other world problems including the Middle East and the questions of a possible new approach to the summit.—Reuter.

London Has Spectacular Storm

London, Sept. 5. Three thousand lightning flashes lit up London's skyline tonight in what weather experts described as "probably one of the most spectacular storms of the century."

During a two-hour non-stop display lightning flashes stabbed every corner of the capital. Some lasted five seconds and one zig-zagged out into about 100 joint flashes.

The storm carved a trail of damage across London and Southern England. It ended a day of sweltering humidity that reached 70 per cent in a 70 degree Fahrenheit temperature, almost double the normal humidity reading for such a temperature.

But many houses were hit by lightning, torrential rain turned roads into rivers marooning motorists and flooding homes.—Reuter.

Next Moon Shot Delayed For A Month

Washington, Sept. 5. The Defence Department disclosed today that there has been at least a month's postponement in the United States next attempt to fire a rocket to the moon.

The second attempt had been at least tentatively set for Saturday, Sept. 13. But the Department said in an announcement that it was "unlikely any attempt will be made in September."

There was no official explanation for the postponement. But authorities said the Air Force had not been able to get a second launching vehicle ready for a new attempt.

The first American effort to shoot a rocket to the vicinity of the moon ended in failure on Aug. 17 when the first stage Thor rocket blew up 10 miles in the sky after a 77-second flight.

Oct. 11, Defence officials said, would be the earliest likely time after September when the moon would again be in best relation to the earth for a rocket shot.—U.P.I.

Police Can Control Colour Bar Incidents

Stambridge, Sept. 5. Mr R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, told his constituents here tonight he had made a personal examination of each incident in Britain's recent racial disturbances.

He was satisfied the scope of the incidents was quite within the power of the police to control in London or the provinces.

But Mr Butler warned: "We have no intention of allowing extremist elements to take advantage of any situation."

He made these other points:

- ★ British public opinion of all shades "universally condemned" anti-colour demonstrations.
- ★ Racial discrimination had never been part of British life or law.
- ★ Patience must be shown while every aspect of the situation—including coloured unemployment and housing problems—was examined.
- ★ Rush decisions should not be taken in an atmosphere of unrest.—Reuter.

BRITAIN'S RELATIONS WITH CHINA AT LOW EBB

London, Sept. 5.

Britain's relations with China were seen by diplomatic observers here today as having reached their lowest level for months, despite British lack of support for the United States in the current crisis over the Chinese offshore islands.

Observers regarded a Foreign Office spokesman as having gone as far as possible to support the United States in a statement to his daily press conference today, without abandoning Britain's different stand on China.

The spokesman said Britain shared American concern at any attempt to impose territorial changes by use of force, but he declined to answer whether Britain fully supported the United States position in the Far East.

As In 1955

At the same time the spokesman recalled that Britain's view of the legal position of the offshore islands remained as stated by Sir Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, in 1955.

In other words, observers said, he reaffirmed Britain's view of three years ago that the offshore islands were part of the Chinese mainland and Nationalist forces should withdraw from them.

But despite British reluctance to take sides openly, China has aroused the impression among officials here that it regards London as one hundred per cent behind Washington's policies. This impression has been gained from Chinese diplomatic moves such as the following:

★ China has protested against the closure of a Chinese school in Hongkong and the evolution from it of "any in" demonstrations. The protest was followed by demonstrations and angry statements from public bodies throughout China, as if it was intended to treat the affair as an international issue.

★ China has protested against alleged violation of air space near Hongkong by light British Auster aircraft on two occasions in August.

It was stated here that the British authorities had already apologised about one incident to the Chinese before the Chinese protest was received, and the British pilot has since been punished. The authorities were believed not to have been able to pinpoint the other alleged incident.

★ China yesterday formally reiterated its claim to a

12-mile limit for its territorial waters.

Though this announcement was thought not to be directed primarily against Britain, Britain could hardly do otherwise than oppose it.

Britain is at present engaged in a dispute with Iceland precisely because Iceland has unilaterally announced it is enforcing a 12-mile fishing limit, while this country continues to recognise three miles as the internationally accepted limits of territorial waters.

Officials here were studying whether the Chinese announcement might be intended to make local fishing conditions more difficult for fishermen in Hongkong.

Observers said one result of these strained Anglo-Chinese relations was that there appeared to have been no contact between the two countries about the danger of the Formosa Straits leading to war.

HK-Formosa Link

The Economist, a leading independent weekly, said today that Peking's recent "threatening words" were a reminder that China considered the British position in Hongkong and the American position in the Formosa Straits were linked.

"Communist China has wittily chosen this moment to enlarge

not only its own territorial waters, but Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's as well, to the same extent as Iceland has," the journal said.

"It has also opened an ominous campaign against Hongkong."

The Chinese had "burned the heat simultaneously on Hongkong and the offshore islands before."

Deported

The present campaign had begun after the deportation from Hongkong of Parker Tu, the mainland-born principal of a Chinese school in the Colony. The school had been considered a hotbed of Communist propaganda.

Last week the People's Daily, the Communist party newspaper, had alleged that the British were associating themselves with American "efforts to create tension in the Formosa Straits" and that the tolerance of the Chinese people had limits.

The Economist commented: "These are threatening words. Although there is no evidence that they convey any Communist aggression against Hongkong, they serve to remind Britain that, at least in Peking's mind, the British position in Hongkong and the American position in the Formosa Straits have become linked"—Reuter.

Surprises Under Ice Cap

Washington, Sept. 5. Captain William Anderson, skipper of the American atomic submarine Nautilus, said today there would be "big surprises" for the scientists when the reports of the vessel's recent epoch-making trip under the North Polar cap were made public a few months hence.

Speaking to the "National Press Club", Captain Anderson disclosed:

- ★ It will be easier to pass under the Pole in winter than in summer. In summer, he said, coastal icebergs break off progressively from the land and float in irregular masses around the approaches to the Arctic Ocean.
- ★ By the winter these ice floes have melted and a new, stable and relatively thin ice covering begins to reform along the coast line.

★ That the Arctic would play an important part in rapid East-West transport in the atomic submarine cargo era, offering brilliant prospects to the port of Barrow, on the northernmost tip of Alaska.

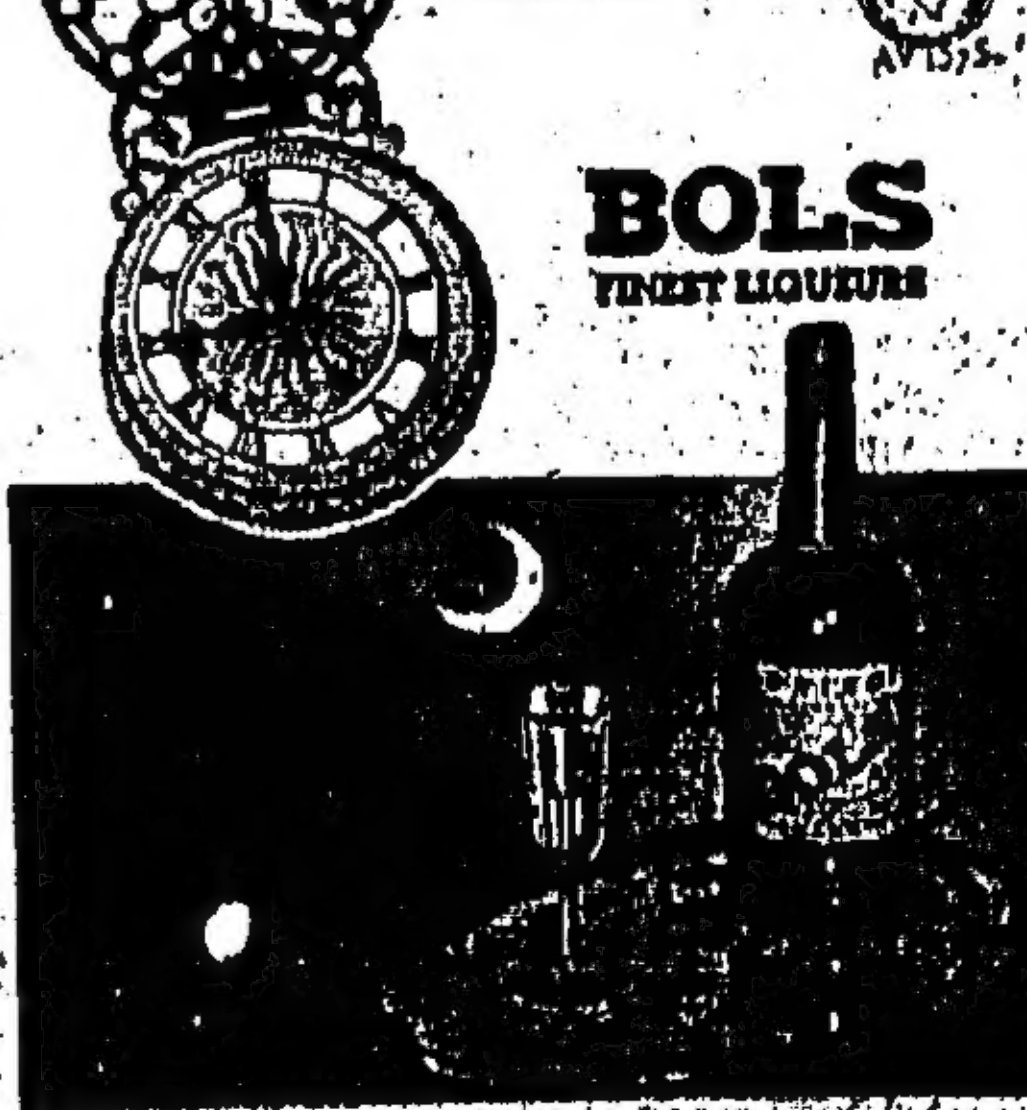
★ That the contours of the sub-marine ice formation are far more rugged than had previously been supposed and that the extent of the Polar ice-cap is much vaster than imagined.—France-Presse.

An historical tradition.....

that holds true today. After a good dinner, at nine o'clock, when the atmosphere is rosy and expansive:

A BOLS LIQUEUR

Whether it be Apricot Bols, Bols Crème de Cacao, Bols Curaçao Triple Sec or Cherry Bols... each is of unquestionable standing and has its own distinctive Bols liqueurs at world renowned.



SOLE AGENTS: CALDECK MACGREGOR & CO. LTD. 2 CHATER ROAD, HONGKONG

There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West; Won't you fly there with me?

- ★ From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Wednesday & Sunday.
- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, ROME, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- ★ 2 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
- ★ Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- ★ Every First Class seat a full Stumbarrette.
- ★ Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- ★ Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comfort.

AIR-INDIA International



21274-23118

KING'S PRINCESS

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY

TO REACH SUCH HEIGHTS OF EXCITEMENT... IT HAD TO BE FILMED ON THE WORLD'S MOST RUGGED MOUNTAINS!



★ TO-MORROW ★

Paramount presents
KING'S: ARTISTS AND MODELS
Starring Dean Martin • Jerry LewisParamount presents
PRINCESS: HOLLYWOOD OR BUST
Starring Dean Martin • Jerry Lewis**KING'S** TO-MORROW
Special MatineesAt 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox present
TERRYTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

AT 12.00 NOON. A SUPERB PICTURE
NAUSERHAN THE JUST
DANCES IN TECHNICOLOR
Sohrab Modi, Nasoom and thousand others.**PRINCESS** WEEK-END
MORNING SHOWSTo-day at 12.30 p.m. Audie Murphy • Keiko Shima
in "JOE BUTTERFLY" Cinemascope & TechnicolorTo-morrow at 11.00 a.m. U-I's programme of
"WOODPECKER" etc. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSTo-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Rock Hudson • Martha Hyer
Anna Kashfi in "BATTLE HYMN" Techni. & C'ScopeFree COCA COLA to-morrow: morning & 2.30 p.m. shows
Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50**STAR METROPOLE**SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S FOX

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. "AWAY ALL BOATS"

In VistaVision & Technicolor — Starring: Joff Chandler

HOOVER PARAMOUNT
TEL: 72371 TEL: 54530NOW SHOWING AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30
& 9.40 P.M.

DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD!



Starring: John Mills — Richard Attenborough

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon PARAMOUNT at 10.15 a.m.

Clark Gable Glenn Ford

Ava Gardner in "THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE"

"MOCAMBO"

FILMS Current and Coming
by Lucy Downing**DUNKIRK** has lost its miracle. Sir Michael Balcon's "Dunkirk" showing at the Hoover and Paramount has realism and imagination but no miracle.

A fine job has been done narrowing down the huge confused story of the retreat as sprawling as the Dunkirk beaches but in this presentation the legend has been stripped of its spiritual significance.

The adventures of Binns the reluctant corporal and his companions who pass through the German lines to the perimeter encircling Dunkirk make excellent cinema. Each characterisation is a work of art, the man showing through the soldier.

The fact that the huge evacuation inadvertently coincided with a national day of prayer previously called by His Majesty King George VI and that the image of the burning town descended as fog and shrouded the Channel for the last two days of the evacuation has been ignored.

(So also has the frantic scramble of French civilians fighting to board the evacuation fleet.)

The ordinary folk at home in the towns and villages of Britain knew almost nothing of what was happening in Belgium and France.

Unthinking people started to think. Some took unfamiliar steps to churches, chapels and chapel halls on the day of prayer.

Prayer became contagious. Then almost before the women-folk had time to face the loss of their men in the British Expeditionary Force, they were home. Thousands of them pouring in through the Channel ports, stations and depots. Mine was among them although I didn't know it at the time.

The people of Britain accepted this as a miracle and the rallying-point of the war.

There is definitely no story Miniver aspect about the story written by David Divine and W.P. Lipscomb. All the glamour, heroics and glorious retreat stuff are cut to the bone. And this is right. Any old soldier will tell you that the glamour may be dreamed up before or after the actual battle but there

is no glamour in mud and sand and blood.

What has been recorded, is the beautiful self-deception of the phoney war, the playing down of the might of the enemy and the heads in the sand. Then the historical record of endurance at the end of the line under the screaming Luftwaffe attacks.

John Mills is magnificent and lovable as the cocky little corporal who really wants to get home to his Mum, but has other odds and bobs to get home too. Ray Jackson and Fred Griffiths who moan their lot as the "bloody rearguard," are two of the splendid supporting players, but it is Richard Attenborough as the spectacled shrewd type "sitting pretty" until Dunkirk who is the greatest surprise of all.

He is pathetically surprised when Bernard Lee as a war correspondent who knows a little more about what is going on and is grimly reminiscent of past blunders, lambastes him for being in a reserved occupation. After all I have a wife and young infant at home, thinks the garage owner in self-justification. But he does leave them.

These two men find themselves ferrying their small craft across the channel after difficult decisions have been made. There are some fine camcots of acting in their performances.

Meanwhile men on the beaches cowering or rushing from the relentless aerial bombardment depicted only some of the troops disorganised by the dave-bombers. Where were the units who did get back to the beaches in compact formation, despite everything?

So many scenes on the beaches were repetitive, but there were no shots of the men who dug themselves in and remained dug in with soul and body-weariness monotony for days and nights awaiting their chance to be taken off. They did not all dart from dune to dune presenting the staid and unimpressive practice by running like terrified rabbits over stubbled corn.

Admittedly the terror and confusion was there, but in the desire for realism a more balanced picture would present some of the dogged British army discipline which persisted in divisions.

"Dunkirk" condemns the unpreparedness for war and notes the stoic courage and sacrifice under a rich pattern of human reactions, but it is a film to see and one which will be remembered.

★
WHAT joy it is in these days of violent Westerns, shockers and war films to see a picture of charm and sophisticated romance.

A film in which the only harm done is another crack in the gentle heart of Joan Fontaine and a denting of the youthful arrogance of Christine Carter.

Such is "A Certain Smile," showing at the Roxy and Broadway, better than the book. I had no impression of warmth and colour after reading Francoise Sagan's best-seller which has been acclaimed throughout the world. I didn't care to linger over its pages.

But "A Certain Smile" on film I could see again and again. Perhaps chiefly for its relaxing value. It is so pleasant to watch the performances of the four leading players. All are

polished, credible and full of charm, even when a little naughty.

The colourful sequences flow as smoothly as the river flows between the tranquil meadows bordering Christine's home town, in the Yonne Valley.

But Christine as the volatile Dominique prefers the bright lights of Paris, especially after her brother's death which adds her parents and dims the atmosphere of her flower-filled home.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "Dunkirk." Fine Melro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of the days of deliverance for many men of the British Expeditionary Forces on the beaches at Dunkirk. A war film stripped of glamour and without any indication of the miracle of the final days when the smog of the burning town and docks blanketed the survivors' stream, sands from the constant Luftwaffe attacks. The Royal Navy's sea land mention either but the ordinary soldier is starred. John Mills at his superlative best as a corporal who never wanted his stripes anyway and who brings back the remnants of his platoon left behind to demolish bridges. Richard Lee who died on the beach among the men he was trying to save. All these are wonderful character studies and there are many others, bubbling with humour in the most desperate situations.**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "A Certain Smile." Francoise Sagan's precocious love story brought to the screen by 20th Century Fox in De Luxe Colour.

Starring Rosano Brazzi, Bradford Dillman, Joan Fontaine, newcomer Christine Carter and singing favourite Johnny Mathis. Depleting a restless young girl's search for excitement and her discovery of a young boy's love and a married man's desire.

LEE & ASTOR: "Husband Hunters." An Agfacolor Chinese historical film by Feng Huang Motion Picture Company, Hongkong. The stars are Hala Moon and Kao Yuan. A travelling acrobat and his pretty daughter (Coco a full Phoenix) are involved in

events in Hangchow where they are giving performances.

An Imperial mandate has been received that 800 at-tracting young virgins are required for the Imperial Harem from the Hangchow District. Marriage brokers are kept busy while families are arranging weddings and betrothals.

Li, an eligible bachelor, refuses a wealthy bride, because he has fallen in love with Phoenix whom he married, but he is taken by husband-hunters to the Magistrate's Yamen. Phoenix disguised as a man goes to look for him and is also caught by the Magistrate's men. So the groom and his bride in male clothing meet in the Yamen. There is a complicated judgment decided by the Emperor's Envoy which saves the situation.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "High Hell." A tale of terror and temptation on the snow-capped Jungfrau in the Swiss Alps.

Elaine Stewart as the glamorous woman who forces her company upon a party of five men bent in search for gold.

John Derek is the handsome leader of the expedition marooned by Arctic weather condition in a log cabin with a highly-charged atmosphere.

Directed by Burt Balaban, this film is full of drama and excitement.

METROPOLE & STAR: "War Drums." United Artists' drama of war between the Apaches and early settlers, involving what is described as the West's bloodiest massacre. Starring Lex Barker, Joan Taylor and Ben Johnson as a revenge-seeking Indian chief, a Mexican hostess and scouting frontiersman respectively.

Indian ritual dances and spectacular shots of the mountainous Utah countryside are also featured in a film which reveals the Indian viewpoint of the early Western days.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Orders to Kill." An outstanding film with an almost unendurable climax. Brilliant direction by Mr. Anthony Asquith. Based upon a true incident in which an American bomber pilot accepts a special assignment to kill a Frenchman suspected of betrayal. Paul Masle (recently of Hongkong Stage Club) as the killer; Leslie French as his victim. James Robertson, Justice, Irene Worth, Eddie Albert and Lillian Gish are also in the excellent cast.**HOOVER & PARAMOUNT:** "The Proud Rebel." Alan Ladd and Olivia de Havilland in Technicolor film of a man's search, a woman's longing and a boy and his dog. David Ladd is the 10-year-old boy and King, his collie sheep dog. A Western adventure story of deep human interest.**LEE & ASTOR:** "The Wind Cannot Read." Colourful romantic production by J. Arthur Rank starring Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani and Ronald Lewis, under the direction of Ralph Thomas. Location, India in beautiful Eastmancolour.

WATCH FOR IT!!!

THE LOVE THAT WAS FORBIDDEN...

THE DARK OF THE NIGHT

DIRK BOGARDE • YOKO TANI

The WIND cannot READ

JOHN FRASER • RONALD LEWIS

FOR TELEVISION

TELEPHONE: 72211

Lee Astor
TEL: 72436 (BOOKING OFFICE) TEL: 67777

SHOWING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LEE: TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSASTOR: TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSAT 12.30 P.M.
"STAMPEDED" Technicolor**ROXY & BROADWAY**

2nd GLORIOUS WEEK

NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!

ROXY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

THE MOST MEMORABLE LOVE STORY OF OUR TIME!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

20th Century-Fox presents in Cinemascope & Color

"D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

Starring: Robert TAYLOR • Richard TODD

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

ANTHONY QUINN

"MAN FROM DEL RIO"

KATY JURADO

THEATRE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 12.30 p.m.

GLENN FORD in

"HOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

in Technicolor

NOW SHOWING

THE 10TH DAY!

AT 2.00, 4.45, 7.15 & 9.45 P.M.

MARLON BRANDO

AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE

STRIKE! SAYONARA

To-morrow Special Show

At 12.10 p.m.

"JOE BUTTERFLY"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
2nd FLOOR

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GLENN FORD

"THE GREEN GLOVE"

GERALDINE BROOKS

Sir Cedric Hardwicke

MORNING SHOW To-morrow 12.30

RICHARD WIDMARK in

"HARVEY"

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GLENN FORD

"THE GREEN GLOVE"

GERALDINE BROOKS

Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Sunday Morning Show

"BRUTE FORCE"

WINING, DINING, &
ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS VERY BEST
IN THE INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE OF**THE GOLDEN PHOENIX**
1st Floor, Nanyang House
25-27 Nanyang Road, Kowloon
Reservations... 68305

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

More Men Than Women Go To Films!

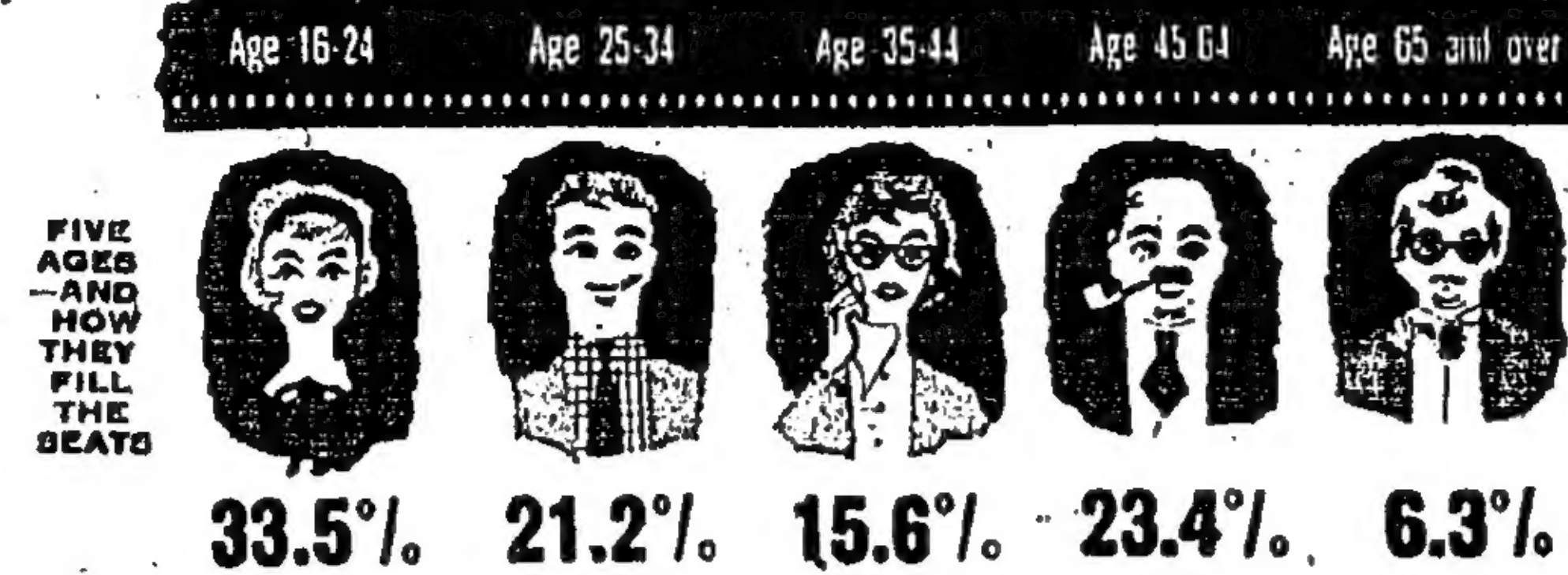
PETER EVANS Reports On:
The Most Surprising
Trend In
British Entertainment

London.
TWO MILLION People paid to go to the cinema every night. Who are they? For the first time since films began, showmen have taken a close-up look at their audiences and in a survey out have come up with two pretty startling results. The first is that men now outnumber women.

In every 100 cinema-goers every night there were 52 men and 48 women. This is one of the big social changes in Britain in the past 10 years.

It always used to be the women who went more often than their men to the cinema. Matinee audiences used to be largely made up of women. Now this has changed.

The second finding is that, with the emphasis now on



youngsters between 16 and 24 as the solid backbone of the cinema audience (see chart), showmen see a big hope for the future. During the next five years the bulge in the birth-rate that follows any war will sweep a powerful new audience of more than 1,000,000 to the box-offices.

I went to a cinema just outside London—the Gaumont at Walford—to see the flesh and blood behind the statistics.

As the audience filed out, I picked these as typical representatives of the income groups which make up a cinema audience every night in every town:—

There was Shirley Newton, a secretary of 17, earning less than £10 a week. There are 37 in every 100 like her.

There are 15 like Ronald Simpson, a 26-year-old clerk earning less than £750. He is married with a three-year-old daughter and is saving to buy a second-hand car.

There are nine like George Bartholomew, a 38-year-old business man earning more than £750. He runs a car and is buying a house.

There are also—and this is the heartening news for films—the million-plus of The Bulge on the way.

There was Dennis Jackson, a woodworker of 23, who earns over £10 a week, is married with no children. In every 100 cinema-goers there are 39 like Mr Jackson.

I'm Not Surprised

by
ANNE EDWARD

So the film world seems taken aback over its discovery that nowadays more men than women go to the pictures.

Well, it may surprise them—but isn't this the clue to making people who already enjoy films enjoy them more?

★ ★ ★
Last week the four main new films were a problem story

about a neurotic film star, two war films, and one light comedy. It is a diet that clearly suits the men. It would suit women too if the roles were reversed to three light comedies to one problem picture.

It is not that women do not care about political problems, and racial problems, and psychological problems, and delinquent problems. It is just that we see enough about them elsewhere. At the pictures we should like a break.

More Peter Sellers, please, and less Method. More of the Sinatra who makes slick, sexy musicals like "Pal Joey," and less of the Sinatra who made "The Kings Go Forth." Fewer crazy mixed-up kids, and more crazy mixed-up comedians. I would not cross the road to see Natalie Wood struggling with the Negro problem or the

A Mother Faces Prison To Keep Dog Alive

London.
A YOUNG mother may have to go to gaol indefinitely because an Alsatian dog, Lassie, is still living.

An M.P., Mr Jocelyn Lucas (Portsmouth South) said: "The letter of the law is being carried out ridiculously." These are the facts of the case...

Ruby Bowring, 23, of Heads-well-crescent, Bournemouth, owned the two-year-old Lassie. But Lassie chased motor-cycles, and Bournemouth court ordered her to destroy the dog.

Instead, she gave the dog to the Ferno Animal Sanctuary at Shaftesbury, Dorset, without



LASSIE

"Well-behaved now."

telling the superintendent, Miss Mollie Atherton, about the court order.

Miss Atherton grew fond of Lassie and made a pet of her. Lassie, in her new surroundings, became well behaved.

Last week, at Bournemouth, Ruby Bowring was fined £10-21 for each of the last 90 days the dog has lived—for disobeying the magistrates' order to destroy Lassie.

"What can I do?" she said. "Miss Atherton won't give me the dog back now. I can't carry out the order. If I go to prison what will happen to my daughter?"

Personal pets

The clerk to the magistrates said: "You must deal with Miss Atherton yourself. Default of payment could mean imprisonment. Each day the dog lives you can be fined £1."

Lassie is among three dogs and 16 cats which elderly Miss Atherton keeps as personal pets, apart from scores of others kept at her animal sanctuary.

"No one is going to take Lassie away to be destroyed," said Miss Atherton. "The police have no power to enter my sanctuary to seize Lassie."

"She is such a lovely well-behaved dog now that it is ridiculous her life should be threatened."

In March the court fined Ruby Bowring £28-10s. a day for 55 days. That fine was paid by the Canine Defence League. But a league official said: "We shall be paying no more fines."

The Great Hygienic Gamble

London.
THE sandwich and meat tins are still a hygienic gamble in Britain, the Medical Press, a professional weekly, said, criticising food sale conditions.

"It is extraordinary that the hygiene of so many of our biggest and best metropolitan stores still remains so primitive," it added.

"It seems to be futile to protest at the way in which so much of our food, especially joints of meat, are hung in the open."

"In many countries which we would pride to hear described as more civilised than our own, this would be regarded as primitive if not barbaric."—China Mail Special.

FILM CURRENT AND COMING

(Continued from Page 2)

Apart from her brother's death, the only cloud in Dominique's sky is the prospect of meeting her future mother-in-law, an ambitious mother possessive of her son. Bertrand who is a fellow student of Dominique's at the Sorbonne.

Bertrand enlists the aid of his uncle Luc (Rossino Brazzi) a handsome philanthropist with a delightful wife, Françoise, who mothers the captivating young girl with warm sympathy and understanding.

Luc finds Dominique captivating too but kisses her in a different way, so she loses interest in Bertrand. Subsequently Bertrand is only picked up and restored to favour whenever Dominique tries to resist her situation for Luc.

Her sudden capitulation and romantic idyll on the Riviera ("I have never seen the sea" she says) is picturesque and aesthetically beautiful. The accounting afterwards is dramatic and startling. Especially when a remorseful Luc carries a faint-

ing mistress into his wife's bedroom for her attention.

All very modern but none-the-less a tense situation for the participants.

It is possible to forget that Brazzi is Italian, his Continental insouciance is quite at home in Paris. Bradford Dillman, full of youthful exuberance, to match Dominique's moods, is equally attractive.

To match Christine Carère's brilliant American screen debut, Jean Fontaine gives a portrayal of pure delight and to my mind steals the acting honours.

★

"HUSBAND Hunters" showing at the Lee and Astor had a successful gala preview on Wednesday evening.

This is a colourful Feng Huang motion picture featuring lovely Hui Moon with Kuo Yuan and Li Ching in an historical tale of the Hangchow District.

A travelling acrobat attracts custom by using his pretty and agile young daughter in his act and she is coveted by a handsome scholar, Li, who seeks to make her acquaintance.

With solemn state the Envoy arrives with an Imperial mandate that 800 attractive young virgins are required for the Imperial Harem.

The Hangchow population is shocked and marriage brokers are kept busy while efforts are made to marry off eligible girls. Of course the young bachelors are in demand and Li becomes the target of many son-in-law hunters.

Chang the acrobat is successful and marries Li in secret to his daughter Tsai, but the newlyweds are separated and each are pursued by marriage brokers not knowing their marital status.

This is a gayer film than the usual historical drama, there are colourful disguises and complicated situations, but young love wins the day and a justifiable judgment.

UNUSUAL PLAYMATES INTRIGUE PASSERS-BY



"Don't look at us like that," says four-month-old Eenie the bulldog. "What's so strange about having Tubby for a playmate? She is only a lioness. Go away and leave us in peace while we wait for our mistress."

But the passers-by were fascinated and gathered around Mrs R. G. Bills' car in a busy street in Melbourne, Australia. Mrs Bills who owns the two animals, says they are inseparable.



Jewish problem, but I would walk 10 miles to see Judy Holliday laugh.

Nothing could get me to a film about drink, drugs and decline, or war and sadism.

Nothing can keep me away from a film like "Indiscreet," about a beautiful woman dressed in Paris gowns who is courted by a handsome man in a dinner jacket, enjoying with diamonds and yachts, dining elegantly in expensive places, and sips around in a Rolls-Royce driven by a liveried chauffeur.

★ ★ ★

After all, it is a film in the great Hollywood tradition. It belongs up there with Carole Lombard and Fredric March, Myrna Loy and William Powell, Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, polished, deftly executed, and brilliant. The times were sad then too. But for an hour or two these films could bring a woman glamour, romance, and safety.

★ ★ ★

I'll agree there's already a dozen good reasons for going to the pictures, anyway—but please! Occasional glamour, eliminate the grim.

After all, if I wanted to see a slut in a fish queue, or a couple of juvenile delinquents in the making, or a brawl in a pub—I should take a sixpenny tube down Elephant and Castle way.

Going gay at
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
can be such fun!



with
GRACE ARCHER
singing for you
in her own
INIMITABLE STYLE



FREDDY ABRAHAM & THE RHYTHM ROCKETS
The Tops in Dance Bands



MR. LAI CHE SAN
To take care of your every wish while Dining & Wining



ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS VERY BEST
- IN THE INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE OF
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
1st Floor, Manson House
74-76 Nathan Road, Kowloon.
Reservations... 68305



WHITE HORSE
of course!

No other drink satisfies more than a fine Scotch... and in White Horse, Scotch Whisky reaches pure perfection.

Sole Distributors: Jardine, Matheson & Co. Ltd., Hong Kong

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. I	\$18.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. II	18.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. III	18.00
Baby Book	25.00
Hongkong Birds (Herklots)	35.00
King George VI	2.50
Express Annual	10.00
Rupert Annual 1957-8	4.50
Rupert Magazines	1.00
Invitation to an Eastern Feast	18.00
Ten Points About Pearls	1.50
Points on Judging Jade	1.50
Giles Annual (1957)	5.00
Hong Kong Business Symposium	35.00

On Sale At

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD.
HONGKONG KOWLOON

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: That's no way to behave at a wedding! Howls from four-year-old bridesmaid Carol Royal at a London wedding recently after she stubbed her toe. Actress Jackie Collins, also a bridesmaid, comforts her. The wedding was that of Gordon Bondon, England Rugby trialist, and Adrienne Scott.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Miss Katherine Worsley, English girl who is frequently escorted by the Duke of Kent (there are rumours of romance), is snapped in Taormina, Sicily, where she is currently on holiday.



ABOVE: Edinburgh Festival ballet dancers take a break during rehearsals at Edinburgh's Empire Theatre, relax as only ballet dancers know how.

EXPRESS PHOTOS



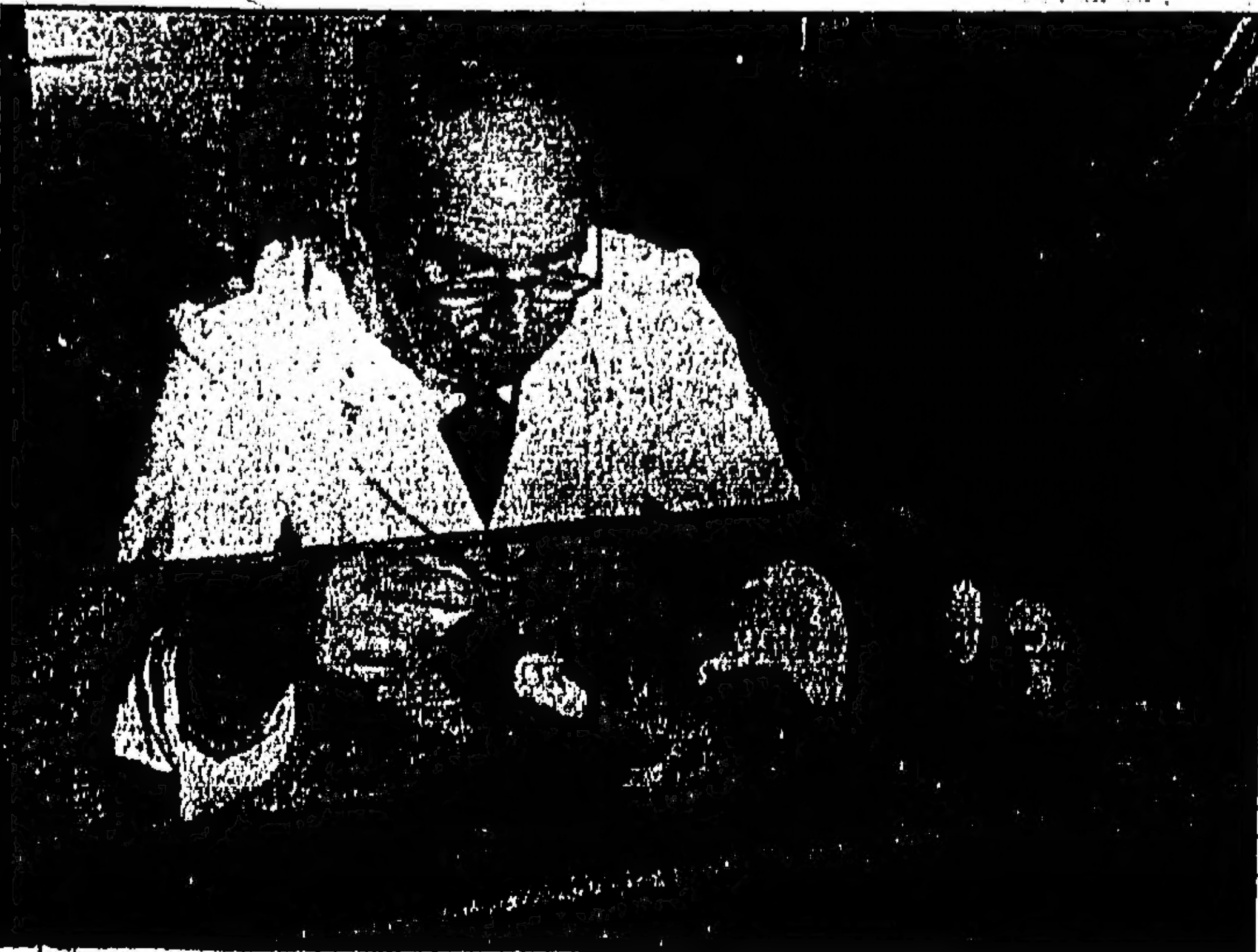
ABOVE: A visitor to the London Food Fair is served with some braised bamboo shoots, a great Chinese delicacy, from some Chinese lasses who themselves qualify as delicacies.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Sherriff, two of Britain's West Country farmers, survey their rain-sodden corn crop. If the rains continue more than 75 per cent of the corn crop in the country will be ruined—and even now, half the harvest may be written off.

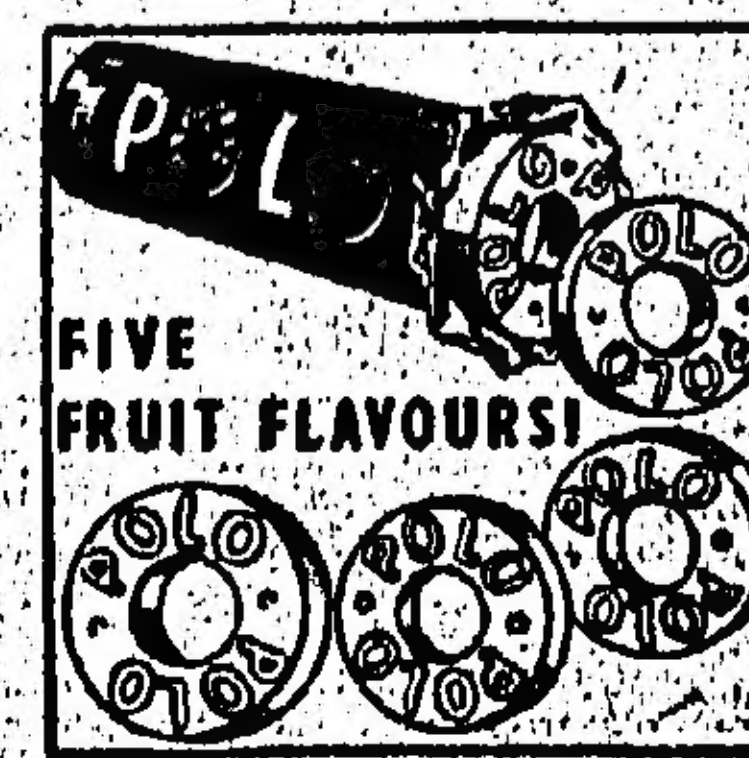
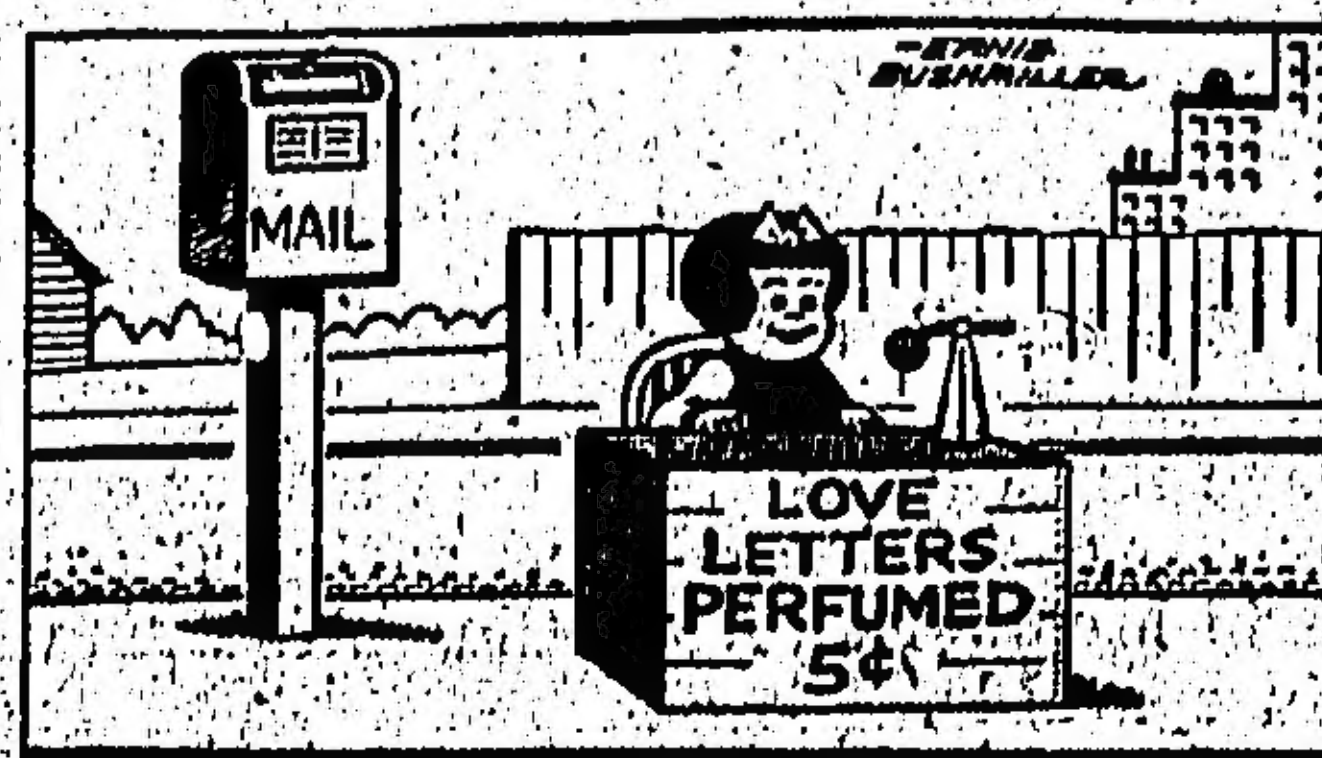
BELOW: Sir Donald Campbell, who hopes to become the fastest man on land and water, seen with his chief mechanic looking at a prototype of his new racing car in the wind-tunnel where it is undergoing high-speed tests.



LEFT: A bacteriologist opens two tins of emergency rations issued during the 1899 Boer War period. One contained cocoa and the other concentrated beef. In both cases neither the food nor the tins seemed to have deteriorated in any noticeable way.

ABOVE: The premiere of "Nor the Moon by Night", a film with an African background which stars Belinda Lee, was held recently in London. Seen is actress Yvonne Buckingham playing the tom-toms with dancer Galla Rue.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



NGAN TSUK: A cheque in Hongkong Cantonese. The second element is "borrowed" from the English word cheque.

NING MUNG: Lemon, in Hongkong Cantonese, "borrowed" from English as is lychee from Cantonese. Initial l- and n- are interchangeable in many Chinese dialects. This is another of the Anglo-Indian words which have become assimilated in the English used in Hongkong. It is the Hindi nala, brook. The Oxford Dictionary notes that it occurs in Haidel, Code Gentoo Laws 52, 1776: When the water falls in the Nullahs. In the Life of Sir C. Napier, II, p.310, 1843, the author objects to the use of loan-words such as this; "...our march tardy because of the nullahs. Watercourses is the right name but we get here a slip-slop way of writing quite contemptible.

NUMBER ONE: Very good, first class, etc. Pidgin English seems to have imitated the Cantonese construction. Later it was borrowed back into Cantonese as nam pa wan. This reminds me of the French fleur-de-lis which became flit in English and returned to France as flitter. The Pidgin word was also written numpa one, lumber one, etc. Giles records the phrase Dat tea belongs numpa one, that tea is best. He also mentions that a Chinese servant, being asked if a certain person lived in the house, replied, "Hab got top-side that numpa one us?" English lawyer, all same so-fashion, "accompanying the description with a significant grimace."

OKRA: The vegetable pod Hibiscus esculentus. Its name varies throughout the English-speaking world. It is the gumbo of parts of the United States of America and the West Indies.

OH TA: Order. Another loan from English in Hongkong Cantonese. It is presumably as necessary as amah, shroff and coiffe in the English spoken in Hongkong.

ON SZ: Ounce, in Hongkong Cantonese; a necessary loan perhaps, since the ounce was not a traditional Chinese weight. English borrowed catt from Malay and indirectly through Indo-Portuguese for similar reasons.

OSSOI OSSOTY: Be quick! Make haste! Listed by Leland. I should be grateful for information on these words from those readers who correspond with me on words published in this column.

PADDY: Rice in the husk. This word is well-known to most English-speakers. It occurs so often alone and in compounds (paddy-fields, paddy-bird) in local conversation that I felt that readers might be interested to know that it is of Malay origin.

PARKAI: Genuine, proper. This word is well known in modern colloquial English, especially among British army officers. Giles seems to have thought it odd when he records it for Anglo-Chinese at the end of the last century. It was general in Anglo-Indian and is the Hindi ripe, cooked, genuine, proper. According to Giles the opposite eulcha was never used in China. It was however once fashionable in these parts to speak of a parkai pony or a parkai fool.

PAMPANO: This fish is Trachurus blechil to the zoologist and Wong Lap Chong (yellow wax pomfret) to local fishermen. Herkules and Lin say it's worth eating all the year round.

PAPAYA: This fruit like its name comes from the Greater Antilles. In other English-speaking areas—it is called pawpaw.

P'A T'I: Party in local Cantonese, English borrowed mukade from Japanese and cheung sham from Cantonese in the same way.

PA SZ: Bus. This loan from English is even written up in Chinese characters at Hongkong bus-stops.

P'A SZ: A convenient loan for "pass". Used in Hongkong Cantonese.

PAT LANN TEI: Another loan. It is the local Cantonese word for Brandy.

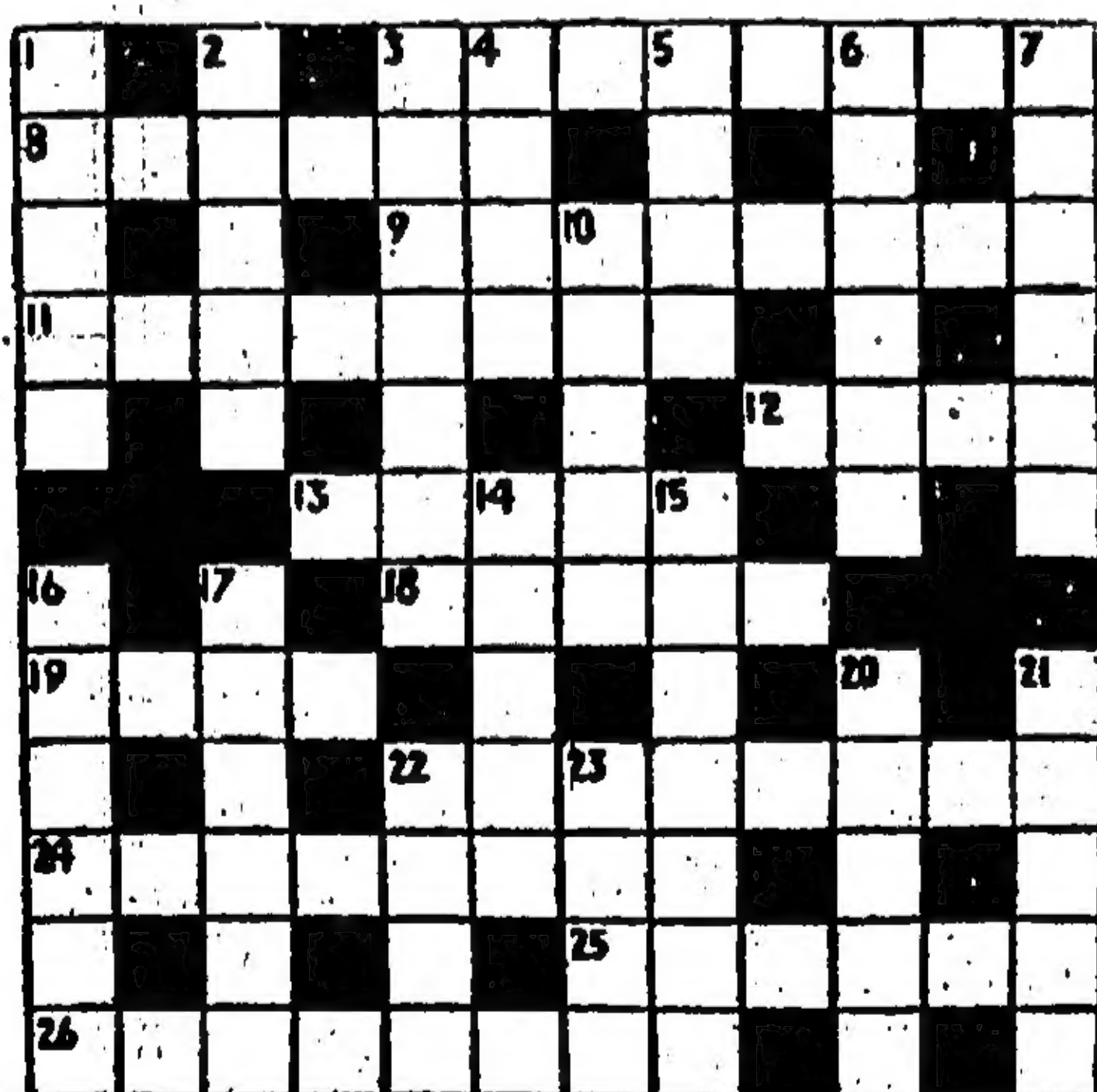
PAY: In Pidgin this word often means give, bring, deliver or transfer. My pay he is I give him.

PEACOCK: An old word meaning "to call on ladies" ("as implying a more elegant costume than usual"—Giles) It was brought to China from India where it was much used.

PICUL: "A man's load" or 100 catties or 133-1/3 lbs. avoirdupois. In Parkette's version of Medoz's History of China, the phrase one picul of rice appears.

PIDGIN: An old word believed to be the English word business in disguise. Some have attempted to derive it from Portuguese occupacao. It appears in well-known compounds such as joss-pidgin, religion, superstition; chow-chow-pidgin, eating, cooking; larn-pidgin, love-pidgin, etc. Sham and humbug are play-pidgin. Giles quotes an item from the Hongkong Daily Press of 4th Oct, 1877 which records that "a second man had to be flogged, and a different officer had to flog him. This second officer's physique was not by any means equal to that of the first, and the blows came down with far less force. He was consequently voted not up to his pidgin."

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Hanger-on (8).
- 8 Was abusive (6).
- 9 Does he give the latest news about stout? (8).
- 11 Vast sums for melodies (8).
- 12 In the near future (4).
- 13 Born in South Africa (5).
- 18 Domino colour (5).
- 19 Droll (4).
- 22 Impoverished (8).
- 24 Silent observer among Jews (5).
- 25 Aim high—at a steeple? (8).
- 26 To be found in theatres and kitchens (8).

DOWN

- 1 Nautical cunning? (5).
- 2 High hat joint (5).
- 3 Reading (7).
- 4 Port overseas (4).
- 5 Biblical name (4).
- 6 Sing in harmony (6).
- 7 Wandering like a knight? (6).
- 10 This calls for some foolwork (5).
- 15 Bountiful (big ship, too) (7).
- 16 Clear as a stream? (8).
- 17 Chaps grow old here, obviously (6).
- 20 Weight in wood (5).
- 21 No work for him (4).
- 22 Piece for horses (4).
- 23 Engine tackle? (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Fresh Air, 7 Inure, 8 Vestment, 10 Chisel, 13 Secure, 15 Lisa, 17 Valiant, 18 Cabaret, 20 One, 21 Nibbles, 26 Resort, 27 Articles, 28 Tribe, 29 Druggists. Down: 1 Dicks, 2 Music, 3 Fever, 4 Sole, 5 Am-Elia, 6 Rat-tat, 9 Eleven, 11 He-man, 12 Sugar, 14 Saddle, 15 Limbs, 16 Sneeze, 18 Coward, 19 Benton, 22 Bests, 23 Louis, 24 Stew, 25 Ache.



"The MCC sacking Wardle for saying rude things is one thing—sacking the Vicar for calling us a bunch of incompetent silly mid-oms in his Parish Magazine is another."

SECRET AGENT

"Impossible!" War Office Scoffed

WHEN HE REVEALED GERMAN'S ORDER OF BATTLE

MEN and women become spies for various reasons—love of country; lust for money; craving for imagined power; and, very occasionally, for love of adventure.

It was love of country and hatred of oppression that made "X" become a spy, but he was in one respect unlike

ing. And he knew all the gossip of Whitehall. In 1945, he read the files the Gestapo had built up on him. The one from the Dusseldorf office had a photograph of him without his moustache. The other, from Karlsruhe, had one of him with his moustache. The accompanying descriptions were materially different. But both contained the sentence, "A very dangerous man."

From 1933 to 1938, helped by the Section D members who belonged to the anti-Nazi Freedom Front as well as to the Nazi Party, "X" built up the picture of Hitler's political machine and German rearmament, as well as of the growing Fifth Column in Britain. At the same time he continued to operate inside the network of international Communism.

In 1934, he had several sharp reminders that he was up against the Soviet Secret Police—the ruthless OGPU. Three were members of Communist Parties. Two belonged to the Nazi Party; two others to pro-Nazi organisations in Britain; another to Mosley's Blackshirts. Another was inside the sinister Capoguardia, the "hooded men" organisation in France.

"X" himself was, at the same time, a member of a Communist "front" organisation and Director of Intelligence of the first Fascist movement in Britain.

Before forming what was known as "Section D," he carried on a one-man war against Communism. He discovered the secret printing plant used for producing the illegal paper "The Soldier's Voice," and pin-pointed its distributors. He reported to the authorities.

Later, the paper ceased publication—and an M.C.O. in the Royal Corps of Signals at Aldershot left the Army in a hurry.

SECRET SERVICE

Still feeling his way, "X" went to Germany and studied the Communist Party there, especially the working of the underground carrier system. He went on writing reports, and started to recruit Section D. One of its first members was a skilled engineer and an ex-boxer, another an engine-driver, a third a young actress.

Then one day "X" was asked to visit an office in the Adelphi, off London's Strand, and he was surprised to discover how much the British Secret Service knew about him.

They offered him a job. He refused, replying "I'm better on my own." Soon afterwards he got married.

A little later he made another discovery. His wife persuaded him to grow a moustache; and then he found that by shaving it off, and changing his clothes, he could alter his appearance very materially. From then on, he cultivated a dual personality.

Blue-eyed, of medium height and build, marked only by his powerful shoulders—a legacy of his boxing-booth fighting days—he became the clean-shaven, ruddy-faced country gentleman touring Europe with his good-looking wife.

Alternatively with moustache, black hat and immaculate London clothes, he could look like a Guards officer in uniform or a Foreign Office official. A countryman born and bred, he could talk of country affairs and farm-

By
Lt.-Colonel John Baker White

SAW REHEARSAL

But the gamble paid off. "X" spent a month on the staff of the Fourth Army, at Leipzig, and watched General von Reichau rehearse the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

When he got home he presented a full report to the War Office, including details of four new weapons he had seen. A casual young officer dismissed them in a half-sentence: "Probably make-up's, old boy."

When "X" was posted to the War Office in 1940 on technical intelligence, he tried to find the 80 or more long reports he had sent in on German weapons and formations. There was no trace of them.

Some months later, despairing of official reaction, he gave the press the inside story of the Nazi Fifth Column in Britain. It created something of a sensation. Questions were asked in Parliament.

Two Germans left for home in a hurry, of their own accord, and two more on a Home Office order. The Fifth Column was not smashed, but its head had been cut off.

ESCAPED GESTAPO

In May 1938 the Gestapo struck back.

With his wife "X," the gentleman farmer, went to Germany at the invitation of the Nazi Minister of Agriculture, Darré, to inspect some experimental farms. He also intended to contact the two German members of Section D.

D 29 kept his appointment and handed over a vital report on the German Order of Battle. But when "X" went to the Wehrmacht in Dusseldorf to meet D 41, he saw that the building was under observation.

The trap was set; but "X" did not walk into it. He drove back to his hotel, and told his wife to pack. As they drove away, two car-loads of Gestapo men drew up at the hotel entrance. They got across the frontier into Luxembourg with two hours to spare.

A week later, the ashes of D 41 were delivered to his widow by the Gestapo.

When "X" handed in the Order of Battle at the War Office, he was told: "This is impossible. They just haven't got the arms."

"X" did not go to Germany again. When war came he served first with his regiment in Kent until transferred to Intelligence. The members of Section D followed their own roads of service.

After the war, those who were left met in London and counted the price—D 5 killed—on the road from Boulogne to Lyons. Eight



Local time in any two time-zones simultaneously



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE GMT-MASTER

1. Waterproof Oyster case unconditionally guaranteed to resist pressure to 150 ft. under water. Patented waterproof winding crown which screws down onto the case.
2. Calendar Date, magnified by ingenious "Cyclops" lens, changes instantaneously every midnight.
3. Fourth Hand, Revolutionary red 24-hour hand. Revolving ring calibrated into 24 hours.
4. Automatic Rotor Perpetual self-winding mechanism, suspension-spring against shock and vibration.
5. Super-precision 13 jewelled chronometer movement of exceptional accuracy.
6. Unbreakable main spring, shock-resisting test, magnetic imperviousness, temperature-resistance.
7. Super-accurate dial and hands, even second hand has 60 divisions per minute.

This is the GMT-Master—the watch whose revolving rim and 24-hour hand were voted by 28 out of 21 aircraft captains as an important aid to airline operations. Those who fly the great airliners of the world, with the safety of millions in their care, make very special demands of a watch. With these in mind, Rolex designed a totally new chronometer to the specifications of two world-renowned aviation companies. The result was the creation of the GMT-Master—a triumph, unique, revolutionary, and a masterpiece of precision engineering which gives, clearly, simultaneously, and with chronometric accuracy, local time in any two time-zones. No wonder the GMT-Master is acclaimed all over the world—not only by pilots and navigators, but also by business men and international travellers, who find it ideally suited to their needs.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

ZANIES



30

THIRTY years of talkies have produced a heady cocktail of milestones, miracles, follies and oddities. Keeping to the same recipe, here is a specimen collection:

★ The first talkie was said to have been made by D. W. Griffith, who began just about everything else in films. Its name, *Dream Street*. Date: 1929. It failed. Nobody would invest in sound.

★ The film that put sound into big business and voiceless stars out of business was *The Jazz Singer*, with Al Jolson. In fact, it was only partly sound. The first complete talkie was *Warner's The Terror*—after Edgar Wallace—made in October 1929.

★ The first British talking picture was *Alfred Hitchcock's Blackmail* of 1929. Just to play safe, he made a silent version too.

★ In 1928, talking pictures were announced at the Rialto in London, and the New Oxford, Manchester. Effects advertised included "songs, battle sounds, baying hounds and the roar of a mighty river."

★ First British sound system gave a demonstration at the Piccadilly in December, 1928. Films included *A Fascinating Vamp*, *Zulu Love* and *A Snowman's Romance*. First all sound studio was built by Fox Movietone at Hollywood. Cost: £2,000,000.

★ The French Musicians Union banned its members from recording for talkies. They argued it would lead to unemployment. "A worse menace than radio," said a spokesman.

★ First full-length feature was *The Squaw Man*. Made for £3,000, it earned £50,000. Director: Cecil B. de Mille.

★ Cecil de Mille also contributed the giant of them all, *The Ten Commandments*. Scoreboard: 53 actors, 489 speaking parts, 100 dancers, 67 master sets, 950,000 feet of film, 11,200 pounds of nails, 1,540 tons of plaster, 4,700 gallons of paint, 2,400 tons of soil (dyed). Cost: £4,500,000, or 1,000,000 dollars per Commandment. In four and a half months, ten million Americans saw it.

★ On meeting Sir Winston Churchill, C.B., was quoted as saying: "I'd rather shake hands with you, Sir Winston, than with any other living being." Churchill replied: "In that case, pray shake hands again."

★ The Robe, the first Cinemascope production, netted the highest gross receipts for the first week of a new film. At the Roxy Theatre, 1943. New York. It brought in £625,000 in seven days.

★ The man who has appeared in more films than any other actor is American Samuel Hinnis. His score—150 pictures. His British counterpart was Sir C. Aubrey Smith, with a total of 82.



"But how can I, Foster? I was INVITED to the Lebanon—but to Faubus I'm just a damn Yankee!"

How Long Now Before The Age Of The 'Feelies'?

THE Brave New World of the cinema, prophesied with gloomy foreboding by Aldous Huxley in 1932, is already here.

Technically the film that "feels" and "tastes" the film that stretches from corner to corner of the proscenium arch, the film with booming sound and colour that lives—all these things are either here already or planned for tomorrow by an industry repelling the invasion of television.

In the beginning, there was Sight. Tremulous, quivering black and white, nervously revealing Theda Bara in ostrich feathers, spread over a leopard skin.

ALREADY THE CINEMA HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO TREMENDOUS TECHNIQUES—AND STILL THE MARCH OF PROGRESS GOES ON...

NEW RACE

With Sound came Colour, to show Hedy Lamarr, wrapped in a sarong, leaning against a legendary palm tree. Suddenly the world was thrown open to a new race—cameramen and their directors. The great outdoors

were filled with their cries of "shoot," "cut" and "roll 'em." Petrified by six years of war and threatened with the new phenomenon of television, the cinema produced the wide screen to bolster up the box-office. The Monroe—Mansfield school, huge in dimensions, terrifying in its immediacy, was thrown into the stalls.

Today, the cinema has given birth to new techniques and a new language. Cinemascope, Cinerama, Todd-AO. Cine-

miracle, Vista-Vision, Technirama, anamorphic lenses, screen curvature, magnetic stereo-phonie sound. These are the battle cries which the industry has thought up to meet the needs of competitive entertainment.

REVOLUTION

All the ingenuity of the laboratory, all the inventiveness of the technician, plus the vast financial resources of the film companies have been combined to bring about a revolution which in a few years has turned last year's pictures into museum pieces, and the museum pieces into historical relics.

Once David Wark Griffith and a cameraman—just the two of them—made a complete picture. Today it takes 100 trained people to do the same thing, and the result may cost a million or more pounds.

The cinema, once the handmaiden of the box camera, has grown into a big, sophisticated girl with characteristically feminine qualities of being both seductive and entertaining, glamorous, and at certain appointed times, revealing.

But the story has only just begun.

Technically, with the help of electronic impulses and odour jets, cinema audiences can be brought both the dust of the prairie and the searing heat of an inferno. Pictures can be made to both "feel" and "smell," but it is unlikely that they ever will. "A stunt, a gimmick that cannot last" is the general opinion.

The industry has other plans up its sleeve. In the giant laboratories of 20th Century Fox, engineers have been working on a new process called Elidaphor, whose chief claim is that it does away with film and projected cameras altogether. Based on a Swiss invention, it is best described as large-screen television, in colour and Hi-Fi.

Research has already reached the "commercial point." Reports are enthusiastic, and executives in Britain expect to demonstrate their latest brainchild in a year or two.

"Live variety shows on a big screen, in Hi-Fi colour and comfort." That is the future of the cinema as Mr. J. F. Fattinson, managing director of 20th Century Fox in Britain, sees it.

"Exactly the same number of people who went to the cinema



Jack Cardiff, Britain's top cameraman, behind the Technirama camera.

In 1939—that's 20 million—go to the movies today," he says, "and the cinema habits of the younger generation have not changed."

"Ultimately, I think we will be making films for wide-screen television. That is, we will be doing two kinds of work for both the cinema and television."

"But directing pictures has become a tough job. It is so expensive nowadays that the man in charge must know exactly what he is doing. There is no room for experiment. To make a picture today is to perform a miracle. The producer must be a poker player, the director must be an expert."

"The cinema is the biggest paradox of our time," says Cardiff. "It has so much goodness to offer and such power that it could create a new religion or implant a certain code of conduct if it wished. Yet it also possesses a great deal of evil."

"The terrible danger, is that with all the advances in the technical field, the scripts are not keeping pace. If we are going to be able to draw audiences into the action we portray, we must ensure that what we show is good and worthwhile."

"I think they must come in, just to add two more colours to

COMPULSION

What has changed is the idea behind the cinema, from one of showing to one of compulsion. Instead of seeing a film the audience is now made to feel its impact, to be dragged into

the set along with the actors. Producers today throw their pictures into the audience, rattle the cinematographer with gunfire, bombard him with colour, bring sound behind him, capture his eyesight with panoramic effects, and always strive for what the trade calls "audience participation."

Where will it end? Can we expect, in the next 10 years, to take our psychiatrists into a couch-filled planetarium and allow ourselves to be enveloped in sound, sight and colour projected on to a domed ceiling?

ADVANTAGE

Jack Cardiff, Britain's top cameraman and the photographer of *Western Approaches*, *African Queen*, *War and Peace* and *Red Shoes*, is not so frightened of "smellies" and "feelies" as his executive colleagues.

"I think they must come in, just to add two more colours to

RESEARCH BY JOHN CASTLE

★ "A look of pain shoots across the elephant's face" was a script writer's instruction in the film, *It's Spring Again*. Another instruction read: "A light of determination is in her eyes." Problem: How to create facial expressions on a dead-pan elephant. The question was solved by spraying the animal with glycerine and holding a bright chromium ball in front of its face.

★ "Oscar," the annual award given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, was named by its executive secretary, Mrs Margaret Herrick. "It reminds me of my Uncle Oscar," she said. The name stuck.

The golden statues are 10 high, weigh seven pounds, have a bronze interior and gold plate exterior. Each award costs £35. The first was given in 1929.

★ Walt Disney has more won more of them than any other man. His collection totals 24. Two cartoon characters have collected seven between them since their names—Tom and Jerry.

★ No turtle more than 95 years old may work on a picture, according to the American Guild of Animal Artists. Basic wages for dumb animals held down by the Guild include £17 a week for one appearance, twice that much if the "actor" is asked to bark, miaow, moo, neigh or chirp. The Guild insists on fortnightly holidays for its members.

★ A member of Parliament, fearing Americanisation of the English language through the flood of American talking pictures, asked The Board of Trade to limit them coming into the country. The plea failed. Shucks!

★ The first British film with sequences of dialogue was *Kitty*, a 1930 production starring John Stuart and Estelle Brody.

★ Two of the cinema's most hardy characters—the cowboy and Tarzan. First Western was *The Virginian*. The hero: Gary Cooper, with Walter Huston as the bad man.

★ So far, Tarzan has grunted and swung through 31 pictures, worn out eleven hennies. The first, and only, professional actor was Almo Lincoln in 1916. The most famous, swimmer Johnny Weissmuller, collected 39 sprint titles, including Olympic medals in 1924 and 1928.

Tarzan stories have been translated into 57 languages. Moral: Use's the same the whole world over.

★ First two-reel cartoon, made in 1937, had a two-reel title: *Popeye the Sailor* meets *Sinbad the Sailor*.

★ When Joan Haylow, the blonde Bombshell, died in 1937 they sang *Indian Love Call* at her funeral. The

singers, Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. On the cake bearing her remains was engraved her own signature.

★ John Gilbert, put out of talkies because of a squeak in his voice, continued to earn £2,000 a week as a victim of sound movies, until his contract expired.

★ Marilyn Miller, who died in 1936, was given a contract for two musicals. The terms: £40,000 a picture.

IN 1935 Hollywood columnists were asking the question, "Are musicals doomed?" Their verdict: "Yes."

★ When Clark Gable celebrated his birthday on set, the film unit gave him a cake. Inscribed on it: "To the world's greatest actor—Robert Taylor."

★ False eyelids used by Akim Todoroff in *The General Died at Dawn*, were filed and preserved in a little cardboard box in Paramount's prop-room.

★ The greatest money-spinner of them all, *Gone With The*

Wind, made £12 million at the box office.

It was nearly three years before they began "shoot-ing" the film. First to be signed for a part was Margaret Tulliehet. After waiting two years she bought up her contract, married William Wyler instead.

London Express Service

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Trust Barchester to fall for the trapeze line!"

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



FERD'NAND



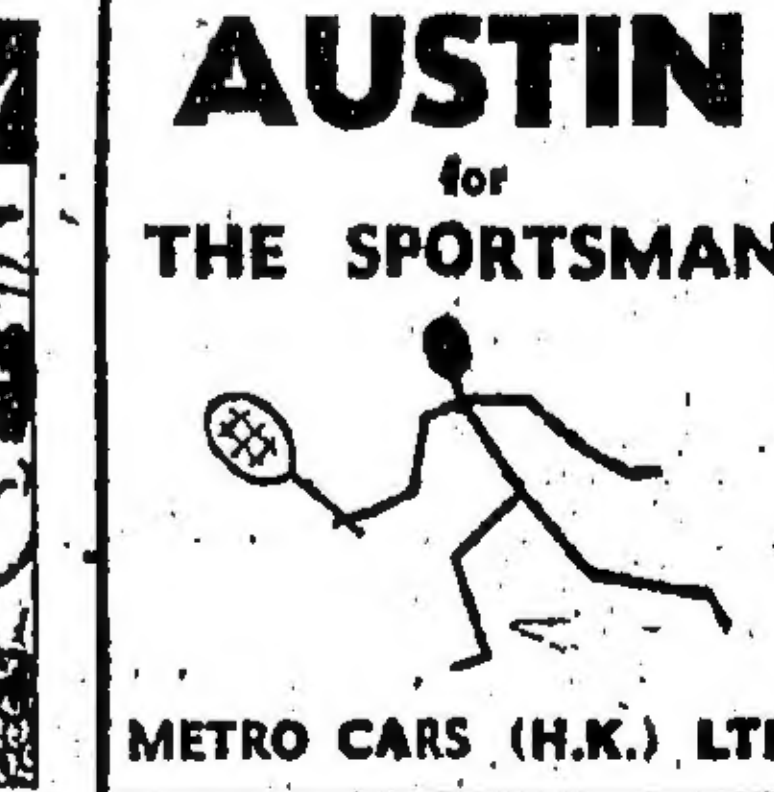
AUSTIN



By Frank Robbins



By Milk

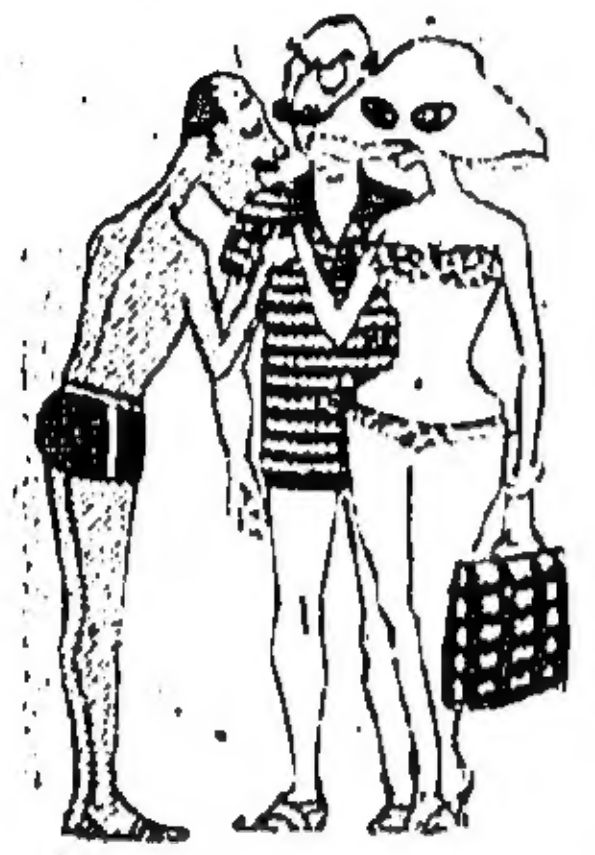


POCKET CARTOONS

By Osbert Lancaster



"Either it's a false scent, or else one of two of the stags round here are definitely abnormal."



"But could one fall to recognise La Belle Comtesse Littlehampton?"



"Do you remember my telling you that there was a new spirit stirring among some of the younger birds?"



WE stood on the terrace and watched the sunset. Below us, in Lake Vyrnwy, only fly-snatching trout shivered the still image of the fire in the sky.

Blue shadows were flowing down the slopes of the Montgomeryshire mountains. And on the moors was a pageant of red-gold and the rich purple of the heather. I turned to my host.

"Tomorrow," I said, "I would like to do my duty in this battle with the grouse."

Ever done any shooting before? asked the host...but I decided to keep quiet about my triumph in the fairground gallery

I bag a grouse—and even the dog is surprised

by ROBERT GLENTON

It is a mistake, I know now, to be facetious about such a thing.

All round me for days the sportsmen had been gathering.

For weeks tweed-clad spies had been lurking on the moors.

My host regarded me with the same chill hostility that Montgomery would have shown if someone had interrupted one of his G.H.Q. conferences with a tale about an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Scot.

"Have you ever done any shooting before?" he asked. My mind turned to that cardboard target I had once carried home from Hampstead Heath, with its perforated heart. Something, I'm not quite sure was, told me not to boast of that.

ON SAFARI

I reflected on the neurotic rabbit down in Herefordshire who met me one afternoon when I was carrying a service rifle and was lucky to escape with his life from what he obviously regarded as the opening of the North African campaign. I decided not to mention that either. I simply said, "Well, I haven't done this sort of thing before." I did add: "But I have been on safari."

There was no purpose in explaining that, so far as I know, I am the only man who has emerged after three weeks in darkest Africa with only his own skin as a trophy.

"Very well," said my host, "I'll find you a gun."

I think it was over dinner that night that it first occurred

to me that I wasn't really waiting.

I had thought that the conversation had lingered for an inordinate length of time in fellows who would never be invited again, on moorlands who fired along the line of guns instead of straight ahead, and on weaklings who had been carried home.

But I really got the point when the moustached captain turned to me and showed a blue tuft on the back of his hand. "That," he said menacingly, "is a shot I collected from one dam fool. I keep it there to show the next madman I meet on a shoot. He'll see more than that, too."

Silently I went to bed.

There was no refuge there.

Two sleeping pills later I was sitting bolt upright in bed listening to the dogs howling enthusiastically in the kennels below.

Morning has never taken so long to climb over a mountain.

MY THEORY

Now I have a theory in situations like this. One must always make an ally of the expert. Stealthily I went in search of headkeeper Billy Bull.

We collided in the doorway. There was nothing stealthy about his search for me. He had just heard I was to walk next to him and he was very anxious to see if I could tell the but from the muzzle of a gun.

Up the mountain road we drove, ahead of the main party.

We heard the other gentlemen before we saw them. Firmly they marched along the lane, their impressive handmade shooting boots ringing on the stones.

They were an awe-inspiring sight. The commander, the wing-commander, the sinister captain, the stockbroker, and a burly Frenchman who carried his gun like a fully-paid-up member of the Maquis.

They had bandoliers, tweed caps, plus-fours and, dogs attentively obedient as a convention of butlers.

I was not quite so impressive as I was wearing suede shoes, grey flannel trousers tucked into rather splendid socks, and a plastic raincoat.

They were very decent, they tried hard to put me at my

case. Even my host laughed and said: "Mind that gun. It will cost you £400 if you wreck it."

He gave me a handful of cartridges. I tucked them in my trousers pocket and a moment later we were climbing through the heather. Nervously I took my smouldering pipe out of my mouth. Soon I was frantically searching for it among the cartridges. I took the cartridges out one by one to see how many were on fire. Happily nobody noticed except a baleful Labrador.

Into a box we plunged. Seggy suede is usually unhappy footwear but I was grateful, it made a peculiar sucking noise which hid my wheezing.

"You had better lead now," said Billy Bull, stepping smartly away. I noticed he was not half so fast on his feet as the Labrador which took one look and got behind him.

ERUPTED

Suddenly the ground in front of the wing-commander erupted. He fired, and down tumbled the first grouse. And just as suddenly the ground in front of me erupted too. So did my gun. The most surprised skylark in the world rocketed up to safety high overhead.

On and on we went.

I was in a coma of heat and exhaustion when the blur of the heather in front of me

seethed and bubbled with brown feathered hysteria.

Billy Bull said afterwards that there were eight grouse.

I was too busy to count. I was trying to get my right arm out of the sleeve of my plastic mac, to release the safety catch, to get the butt of my gun distinguished from my arm pit.

I heard it go off. I saw a grouse hesitate, sag, and topple into the heather.

"Good shot," cried the stockbroker, "a beauty."

"You didn't know much about that," muttered Keeper Bull as the astounded Labrador dumped the grouse at my feet.

Even the bird's eyes looked amazed as they flamed.

I pulled no heed to blood pouring profusely from my right thumb which the safety catch had viciously sliced, and I did not feel the ejected cartridge case at all as it crashed against the bridge of my nose.

I BEAMED

The others could go on if they wished. I had made my mark. So down, buck over the moors I strolled, my feet light, gun under one arm, and the grouse dangling in my hand. I came across a lovely little pub.

The occupants were very civil. "Good shooting, sir," they smiled. I beamed at them and bought them all a drink.

"It's a funny thing about Tommy Davis's old grey mare," they said. "Never comes off the moor except for such weather, but she came down this morning right enough, on a lovely day like this."

Not even my host looking baffled into his port the night quite comprehended me for such a horrid lack of taste on the part of an animal one is brought up to regard as a best friend.

Why Spend All This Money On The Moon?

Asks TERENCE FEELY

THE first American attempt at molesting the moon failed. Cost of the rocket itself was £3,500,000. The same sum would have bought 70 of the latest deep X-ray machines, or a thousand life-saving heart-lung machines.

What the cost of the rocket was in terms of labour and research only the Pentagon knows. But it is certain that had such effort been directed earthwards instead of skywards it would have gone a long way towards solving any one of the major problems still besetting us here.

Deserts Can Bloom

These problems may be duller than that of hanging a rocket on the moon. They are certainly more vital.

And the question ordinary people are asking is this: "Would it not be wiser to spend our money on putting one world straight before we start lusting after another?"

The cost of putting up a first Sputnik is anything between £500,000,000 and £1,000,000,000.

For the same sum we could start the Sahara blossoming. We could irrigate and fertilise the great Gobi desert and the inconceivable wastes of Western Australia, and make up the world's food deficit.

Two-thirds of the world's population still go undernourished while the satellites streak overhead.

The cost of atomic power stations suitable for such projects, a noted scientist told me, "is £100,000,000 apiece."

Such costs are supposed to be prohibitive. But not, apparently, for the fireworks of the Space Age.

For the cost of a couple of years' Sputniks we could give such a power station to every country in the Middle East.

The difference such gifts would make to these countries' standard of living would do more for the stability of the area than any of the hand-outs of money and arms they get from the Great Powers.

Bitter Absurdity

Let Lord Boyd-Orr, world nutrition expert, point out the bitter absurdity of the situation. He told me:

"Whatever Governments may say, the main object of getting out into space is a military one. And the world bill for armaments today running at the rate of £43,000,000,000 a year."

"For a mere one-tenth of that sum we could banish hunger from the world within ten years."

For another £500,000,000 we could probably banish the epidemic diseases for ever.

Some people, frightened of an increase in world population, welcome the pruning effect of disease. But even for them Lord Boyd-Orr has an answer.

"Provided we spend the money, the world has the capacity to feed and support at least five to six times its present numbers."

"These projects are entirely feasible now. They could be administered by the United Nations and the Russians could come in with everyone else."

To the politicians such schemes may no doubt sound fantastic. To the man in the street, I suspect, the lunatics are on the firing end of rockets into space.

• BY • THE • WAY

by Beachcomber

NOBODY was more surprised than the librarian when bounds dashed into a public library in Devonshire and began to worry several volumes.

A false trail of chemicals had been laid by a lowbrow. There are also reports of cardboard slabs being dumped in the truck of the hunt, the looting of sackfuls of ferrets among the hounds, and the stampeding of every breed over the country-also.

As a grand finale, the whole mass of hounds, mongrels, and ferrets suddenly, in a concerted movement, turned and routed the stag-hunters. A man who was nipped by a dozen ferrets said ruefully: "Sport is not what it was."

Here, there and everywhere

DESCRIBED as a stampeder whose hobby is skinning moles, Arthur Forde, 41, of North Devon, got his foot stuck in a stove-pipe in the early hours of yesterday. Firemen released him, but he got stuck twice more.

Thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty-four yards of oilcloth have disappeared from a telephone-hoard at Gieveage.

A raven which nested in a public bath at Axminster has been taught to read by three old lawyers.

Police are anxious to question a man who complained of headaches, and was found to have jagged bits of charcoal in the lining of his hat.

New weapons

I READ that one tanker can pollute a sea area of 100 square miles by pumping oil into the sea. That suggests a new weapon for ruining the bathing-suits and killing the fish of a potential enemy; a farcical weapon similar to the Stradismus Bracerot.

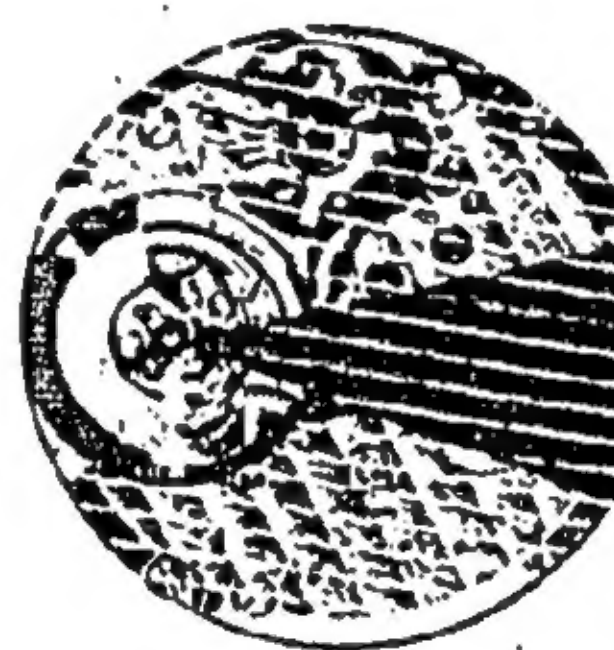
The Doctor suggested that a substance called bracerot would rot the braces to troops, so that their trousers would fall about their feet and immobilise them, thus killing war by ridicule.

Why not?

DEAR SIR, If mice are to take the place of scientists in flights to the moon, why not treat the scientists like mice?

Let them try living in some dirty corner until hunger takes them into a trap, and they are caught by the nose.

A. H. Blisworthy.



Pasabell mirror at Montlouis, France for solar energy research

The secret of UNIVERSAL energy is the movement

The efficiency of the new MICROTOR movement is so marked an improvement that it is the world's smallest automatic watch rotor, builds up to two days' power reserve.

Developed in our research laboratories and exclusively Universal's, the MICROTOR movement is the greatest technical advance in self-winding watches in 30 years. For robustness, style and above all accuracy - the new Universal POLEROUTER is the watch of the future.

Timing every SAS flight, the POLEROUTER has proved itself over the pole and around the world.

MICROTOR is what makes the famous "POLEROUTER," tick

Polerouter features:

- 100% Automatic Movement MICROTOR
- 28 jewels
- Tested waterproof case
- Antimagnetic alloys
- Up to two days' reserve power
- Resistance to shocks
- Thin, handsome styling

available in three models:
stainless steel
steel gold cover 300 microns
18 kt. gold

Authorised Dealers:
Artland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.
Roue D'Or Watch Co., 65 Queen's Road, C.
Tat Seng Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Road, C.
Budson Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.
Sui Wah Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.
Sennet Press, 5 Pedder Street
Lam Yuen Fung Watch Co., 170 Des Voeux Road, C.
Kung Brothers & Co. Ltd., Miramar Arcade, Nathan Rd.
La Suisse Watch Co., Shaws Building.
James Cox, Champagne Court, Kimberley Road
Mohani's Ltd., 14, Hankow Road & Kai Tak Airport.

UNIVERSAL
GENEVE

Official watch of the Swiss Air Force and the Swiss Army

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Cost Of Having A Baby (In 1958)

I NEVER realised until last week that baby talk could add up to so much in hard cash... £148 to be exact, writes Mary Hampton.

I have just heard from a Liverpool wife who went to the United States three years ago and has had her first baby in North Carolina. Altogether, ante-natal care and the delivery of the baby cost the proud father £148.

"We did not mind paying so much. After all, he is our son and heir," she wrote.

But I can think of quite a few sons and heirs who would have nothing to inherit if their arrival cost so much!

It is obvious that mothers in America face exactly the same minor problems as mothers elsewhere. If you're a working mother, for instance, when do you tell the boss?

Delighted

"I had a good job," wrote Mrs. X, "and the first thing I learned—so far as America is concerned anyway—is that employers much prefer to know the first member of the firm to know."

"They hate to find out through the office grape vine. As soon as I was certain about the baby, I let the boss know. He was delighted, and told me at once that my job would be there as long as I wanted it, and would be waiting for me later."

"But I decided that I would stay at home. It was my first baby and I wanted to enjoy him or her."

"The cost of ante-natal visits and the delivery of the baby, which is covered out by your own doctor is the equivalent of about £83."

The Bill

"I had an insurance which I had kept up after getting married, and this covered some of these costs, though not all. My hospital bill for room and semi-private room and board; 12 dollars per day. Nursery; Five days at six dollars per day—30 dollars. Delivery room; 20 dollars. Baby (presumably for attending him after birth); 6 dollars, 50 cents. Anaesthetics; 10 dollars. Special laboratory; 0 dollars, 50 cents. House drugs; 1 dollar, 50 cents. Special drugs; 10 dollars, 00 cents. Dressings; 3 dollars, 00 cents. Telephone; 10 cents. Baby's identification bracelet, birth certificate and odd items; 3 dollars, 50 cents. Add that to the £83 for the doctor's fee and the ante-natal visits, and you get a bill knocking on for £148. That's what it costs you to have a baby if everything goes smoothly."

That's a lot of money but Mrs. X goes on to quote the advantage (strictly off the cash basis) of having a baby in America.

"My doctor, in common with most doctors in these parts, does not favour natural childbirth, preferring to give local anaesthetics and pain-relieving pills until the birth is imminent, when you are sent off to sleep. I woke up in bed feeling fine, and the same day was helped up and out of bed. In all, I stayed in the hospital five days."

"Very few American women have their babies at home, and with such cheerful, pleasant hospitals, who would want to? On the whole, having a baby in America was a wonderful experience. A happy and enjoyable event, and it cost a lot, well everything has its price, and he is our son and heir."

THERE YOU HAVE IT, THE COST OF HAVING A BABY OVER THERE. Over here in Britain, we order things differently, and certainly more economically. Listen to the answer to the American baby, from a mother in Manchester:

"I don't wish to be unkind," she said when I told her, "but sometimes I have the idea that in America it is assumed that the more you spend on bringing a baby into the world, the healthier and happier the offspring will be. "Right at this moment, the loveliest baby girl in the world is pulling away in my home in Manchester. She is beautiful, and she didn't cost us a penny. In fact, leaving out such things as drugs and odd clothes, she was quite a profitable proposition."

Tax Relief

"Like the American mother, I am quite convinced that my baby and I had the best medical treatment anyone could wish for. The first time she cost us anything was on the day she was born. It cost us 7s. 6d. for the taxi to take to the hospital."

"Ante-natal care, I'm convinced, is as good in this country as anywhere else in the world—and free. "In hard times, our baby cost us nothing—she put money in our pocket! £12 10s maternity allowance before the baby was born, and the weekly allowance of £2 10s for 13 weeks. "The Americans get tax relief but so do we. My husband brings home an extra 15s a week in his pay packet since the baby came. "This American woman says that she prefers to have her baby in hospital. I disagree. Now I know what it's like to have a baby, the next one will be at home."

Every Care

"I say this because I now know I would rather have my baby where everything is familiar and where my family and husband can be with me right up to the time of the birth. (Not because of the extra £5 we have for having the baby at home!)"

Make The Time

By ANNE HEYWOOD

AS the poet said: "Of all said words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

In addition to being sad, this kind of regret can be a great drain on time, energy and talent and a great bore conversationally.

For example, I know two women who wanted to write. Both have small children and no help with their housekeeping.

One does nothing but talk about the fact that she could be writing but that she only has had the time. She will probably continue to talk like this as long as she lives.

The other finds an hour every day to sit at her typewriter. It has meant giving up all kinds of recreational activities, but it is worth it to her because she really means business.

GIVING IT A TRY

Perhaps she will succeed and perhaps she will not, but, in any event, she is giving it a whole-hearted try. If it works, well and good. If it doesn't, she is sensible enough to give it up after a decent try, to lay the ghost aside forever and put her attention and energies into something more apt to succeed.

Most of the women I know who have succeeded at writing, haven't had time or op-

portunity. But they managed to squeeze in a little time by giving up everything else, because they were serious enough about it to want to.

A perfect example of this is Anita Rowe Block, whose book of collected short stories has recently been published.

HONEST WRITER

Mrs. Block is one of the honest writers who doesn't claim any particular inspiration and doesn't believe in working when the spirit moves her.

Every morning Mrs. Block sits at her typewriter for a given number of hours. If something comes out it comes, if it doesn't it doesn't.

She has been doing this ever since she was a young bride during the war.

While her husband was stationed at an Air Base in Tennessee, she began her experiment in writing. She wrote exactly 54 full-length short stories, the first 53 of which were rejected.

MAKE THE TIME

Think about Mrs. Block the next time you find yourself wishing you had time to write. No matter how busy you are, you can make some time every day if you really mean business. If you don't really mean business, you have no right bothering your friends with details of what might have been.

"So you see, I found out, as every mother in this country can, that my baby and I had every care in the world for very small cost. But far more important was the absence of any worry which money problems would have brought. "We didn't have to think of finance when thinking of having a baby, and this peace of mind is worth all the pounds and dollars in the world. "I wonder what other mothers would say.—China Mail Special.

Electric Plate-Warmer Shown By Swiss At Fair

By Ida Bailey Allen

WE were visiting the World Trade Fair at New York's Coliseum, when the Chef said:

"The most interesting item at the Swiss Pavilion is an electric table plate-warmer. Switzerland has introduced to the world many fine gadgets for use in the home as well as in restaurants and hotels."

"This one will enable any homemaker to stay at table with her guests and, at the same time, serve the meal on hot plates. When the table is laid, put the plate-warmer on it or on the hostess' cart. Plug it in and the plates keep hot."

Variety Of Soups

"And here is a wide variety of powdered Swiss soups," I added. "Let's taste-test them."

The Chef chose ham and green pea soup, while I had mushroom soup. Both are excellent and inexpensive, calling only for the addition of boiling water.

The line includes a half-dozen varieties. There was also an impressive display of Swiss chocolate, which we are suggesting for dessert in our menu for tomorrow.

"It will take at least three afternoons for us to cover all the food displays here in the Coliseum," remarked the Chef. "Let's visit the Jewish Government Pavilion next."

Interesting Packaging

"What interesting, modern packaging this progressive young country uses! Here are mushroom and barleydehy-drated soups and all kinds of canned goods from Israel: melon sections, very fine pickles, wafers, halva, vegetables, pate de foie gras, turkey and goose luncheon loaf—and soon they will be sold throughout the country."

Tomorrow's International

Dinner

Turkey and Goose Luncheon Loaf Israel on Lettuce Swiss-Style Veal Butter-Fried Potato Mixed Vegetables Tall Glasses Frosted Coffee Swiss Chocolate Croquettes All measurements are level; recipes for 4 to 7.

Swiss-Style Veal: Cut 1½ lbs. tender veal into very small thin strips. Add 1½ tsp. salt, 2 tsp. paprika and 1 tsp. flour.

In a large frying pan, melt ½ c. butter. Add veal; fast-saute about 2 min. Remove meat.

Add 2 tsp. butter to pan and 1½ tsp. alcohol emulsion or mixed onion. Stir in a scant ½ c. white grape juice (the Swiss use dry white wine). Simmer 5 min., or until half-evaporated.

Stir in 1 c. homemade brown sauce or canned gravy. Add veal. Bring to boiling point.

As an accompaniment, serve butter-fried potato.

Frosted Coffee: For each person use 6 oz. (¾ c.) quick-cooled, strong, freshly-made coffee; 1 tsp. cream; 1 or 2 tsp. sugar or to taste; and a good pinch of boiling point.

Combine in a cocktail shaker. Shake until ice cream almost dissolves. Pour into tall glasses. Serve with sippers. Gourmet Trick Of The Chef Add ¼ lb. shredded sautéed fresh mushrooms to veal, Swiss style.

Blonde "Betty" Bacall Is Prettier Than Her Pictures

By JEANNE D'ARCY

THEY sent a girl to do a job any man would love—Interview Lauren Bacall, who was in New York recently.

The striking blonde flashed into Manhattan's famed 21 Club, waltzed out of a stole, removed her dark glasses, brought luncheon hubbub to a standstill.

Even sophisticated New Yorkers turned around for a second glance. And Betty—that's what everyone calls her—knew everybody. She threw a greeting to a famous author, extended a hand, which a British actor kissed, had a few words of French for the head waiter. "Restaurant French," she explained, in a smoky voice that could melt steel.

Prettier Than Pictures

You expect to meet a cool, sophisticated blonde. But Betty's not cool, she's warm, friendly, animated and far prettier than any of her pictures. She photographs gaudy and glamorous. She's glamorous, all right, but her face is soft and prettily round.

Beauty secrets? "Don't have any," said Betty. "I'm a soap-and-water girl." She pulled out an inexpensive plastic compact of pressed powder, fluffed some on her nose, checked her coral lipstick. "Clothes are important to beauty," she said. "A woman has to know what she can wear. Now me, I'm not the fluffy type. Keep it simple and steel!"

Chemise Is OK

"The chemise? It's OK, has appeal. Men wonder what's inside. I'm going to have a few, but not a whole wardrobe of 'em. They're divine to wear. You can sit down in comfort without feeling ripped in at the waist or light across the hips. And no wrinkles!" She pointed to the midriff of the gold-on-silk she was wearing. It fitted her shapely figure like a coat of paint, was sure to show sit-down creases when she stood up. "But this above-the-knee bit, it's crazy," said Betty, crossing a lovely leg and arching a well-shaped brow. "I like legs to show but enough's enough. Who has pretty knees?" A good question!

Began As A Model

Miss Bacall knows fashion, was a clothes model when the movies spotted her. She's tall, 5 feet, 7 inches, with gray-green eyes that she seldom opens wide. She's mastered a half-glance that's havoc.

Her throaty voice commands immediate attention. "But it's been a drawback, too," she said. "They never cast a girl baritone in an ingenue part. Usually I'm a femme fatale. That's one reason why I liked 'The Gift of Love,' my last picture. I played a real

THEY SAY

Most any girl is sweet enough to cut—and will at most any restaurant a fellow will take her to.

Antiques often are popular with the women and old-fashioned with the men.

Quite often a mother-in-law's name starts out being "Say" and winds up being "Grandma."

An Ohio girl had a man arrested because she tugged her. Up in arms over being up in arms.

Each year that birthdays keep on rolling around they seem to pick up speed.

A wife is a great comfort to a hubby during the distressing days that a bachelor never has.

A house without books is like a room without windows. —(Florence Mann)

In America there are two classes of travel—first class and with children. —(Robert Benchley)



LAUREN BACALL appears cool and sophisticated in movie roles but face-to-face she has a warm, vivacious personality.

woman, a wife, for the first time. "Now that she's back before the cameras after a three-year absence, Betty's looking forward to making more movies."

Use Ingenuity For Centrepieces

New York. USE what you have on hand to make a handsome dinner table, says the designer Vera Neumann.

Vera, long known in the home decorating field for fabrics and in the fashion world for scarves, suggested these table tips: Fill a handsome water pitcher with pines and other leaves for a centerpiece. Or, a tray in place of an elaborate bowl. If you have no tray to show off, cover a kitchen one with layers of red or green platform. Then heap it with candies and fruits, which have been wrapped in various coloured foil papers, and with nuts in their shells.

New Style Evening Dress



"SOLCHIQUE" is an original evening dress by JACQUES HEIM and shown during the recent Paris collections for Autumn and Winter 1958. HEIM created it in cyclamen.—Agence France-Press.

Helena Rubinstein DEEP CLEANSER



removes the dirt that old-fashioned methods leave behind



Helena Rubinstein's liquid DEEP CLEANSER penetrates far deeper into pores opening than even soap and water... flake away all sub-surface dirt and clinging make-up. DEEP CLEANSER contains antiseptic I.C.I. which destroys blemish-causing bacteria—replaces the vital emollients that keep skin soft and young. Standard size

Consultations are free and advice is given on every type of beauty problem by our beauty specialist

MISS DIANA MA

(Helena Rubinstein Institutions London, Paris)



Salon d'OR

Room 103, Yu To Sang Bldg., Queen's Rd., C. Hong Kong. Telephone: 21417

LANCÔME'S ADVICE

A SPECIAL DIET FOR EVERY SKIN

THE TREATMENT

CONSISTS IN RESTORING BALANCE

There are different kind of skin, it may be normal, dry or oily. The composition of products varies according to the nature of the skin. Before choosing and following a treatment:

LEARN TO IDENTIFY THE TYPE OF YOUR SKIN

THE NORMAL SKIN

Is supple, elastic, often covered with an impalpable down and gives a sensation of "fullness". If tissue paper is applied to your face, it will only show slight marks.

THE DRY SKIN

Is fine, soft, tight, sometimes a little wrinkly and marked with very fine lines, it leaves no marks at all on tissue paper. If very dry the skin is easily irritated, tight and inclined to redness, herpes and spots.

THE OILY SKIN

Is usually thick, shiny at the cheekbones, with black specks and dilated pores, it stains tissue paper. A very oily skin, with excessive seborrhoea is subject to spots and acne.

REGULATING CREAMS (with Sordim)

NUTRIX

Normal skin or dry and sensitive skin which every modern woman should have on her dressing table for personal use, and for her family.

GALATEIS

Oily skin or normal skin which is lighter than Nutrix, with a milky base.

YOU SHOULD START COMBATTING THE AGEING PROCESS BEFORE YOU ARE 20



ABOVE RIGHT: LOOK OUT BELOW! A young participant in the United Services Recreation Club's swimming gala this week, about to take a wet tumble.



★
ABOVE: A fascinated youngster is given a lift up by Captain R. Fraakes, master of the motorship Santhia, during a visit to the vessel by 40 deaf children.



★
LEFT: Mr Bert Gillett (right), General Manager of Moutrie & Co., Ltd., chats with a friend during a farewell dinner for him at the Cafe de Chine last Friday. Mr Gillett and his family left Hongkong for Australia this week.



ABOVE: Jon Konrad (left), Australia's "Wonder Boy" of aquatics, chats with Mr A. de O. Sales and Mrs O. R. Sadick during a Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association dinner party for the Australian swimming team held shortly before their departure last week.



★
RIGHT: Mr Wilbur M. Brucker, United States Secretary of the Army, is interviewed by Hongkong's Press Corps on arrival at Kai Tak Airport for a two-day visit here in the course of a tour of the Far East.



★
BELOW: Mr J. B. Dewar, leading member of the Hongkong Prisoners of War Association in laying a wreath at the Cenotaph last Saturday—the 13th anniversary of Liberation Day.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Charles Kenneth Locke after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church this week. The bride is the former Miss Lou Ann Lewis.

★
BELOW: Mr and Mrs Anthony Douglas Brown after their wedding at St Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Sarah Cecilia Hartman.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Mrs T. J. Beattie, inspects St John Ambulance Brigade Nursing Cadets at their first Camp on the grounds of the School for the Deaf, Diamond Hill.



BELOW: The Kowloon Fire Station won the Station Championship Shield at the annual Fire Brigade swimming gala at Chung Shing Pavilion last Saturday. Mr W. J. Gorman, Chief Fire Officer (centre) poses with the winners.



Consult
American Lloyd Travel Service Ltd.
303, Central Building. Tel. 31175

for rates — plans — information
regarding your

**TOUR — VACATION
HOME LEAVE**

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TOURS DEPARTMENT
Astor Hotel Lobby, Kowloon



Fuel Injection Equipment



For Diesel Engines



Agents for Service & Sales
GILMAN & COMPANY LTD.
Engineering Dept. Telephone 34181



ABOVE: Because Kai Tak Airport's old runway 31 was blocked by the wreckage of a USAF plane which crashed and burned, the honour of being the first civilian plane to land on the Colony's new runway was given to a Philippine Air Lines Viscount aircraft on Sunday. Said the plane's pilot Captain Manuel Conde later: "The new airstrip is beautiful..."



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of the Governor and Lady Black, arrives at the Paramount Restaurant on Tuesday for the Jack and Jill charity show in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association. L-R: Miss Black, Mr. Anthony Tai, Mrs. Violet Chan, Mrs. J. L. Switzer, Master James Baldwin and Miss Vonnick Landau.

BELOW: Alumni members of the Soochow University gave a farewell party last week for pretty Miss Nancy Yu at the Paramount Restaurant. Miss Yu, first on right, is leaving for the United Kingdom soon.



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Enrique Ladoama sign the register after their wedding at St Joseph's Church on Wednesday morning. The bride is the former Miss Ana Lourdes Cuaycong, daughter of Mr and Mrs Emilio Cuaycong of Bacolod City, Manila.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Barkatullah (Benny) Omar after their wedding at the Registry on Tuesday. The bride is the former Miss Rahima May Wong Soo Fong.

BELOW: Three beautiful film actresses from Taiwan were fêted at a dinner at the Orchid Grove of the Astor Hotel on Tuesday night. They are (l-r) Misses Margaret Ma, Julie Ma and Man Leo Hung.



RIGHT: The Rev. S. Withers-Green, Warden of Morrison Hall, University of Hong Kong, before declaring open the Morrison Memorial Centre in Macao in a dedication ceremony last Saturday.



ABOVE: The Queen's College class of 1923—Matriculation and Commercial One—were entertained by Mr. Bunnan Tong, J.P. (fifth from left), a former classmate, at a reunion dinner held in the Tai Tung Restaurant recently.

For People who Appreciate

- that the best costs a little more

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

REFRIGERATORS

AIRCONDITIONERS

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.

Here's where to

DINE WINE DANCE

and be merry

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

1st. Floor MANSON HOUSE

For Reservations PHONE 68305

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Weather's No Excuse For Letting Looks Go!



SLATHER ON scented eau de cologne after your morning shower, a rite you can't skip in the summer.

HAPPILY, summers are a matter of only two hot, humid months. In other lands, steaming weather stays longer, is far more intense. It certainly plays havoc with beauty and explains why women in tropical or near-tropical climes let their looks go. It's too hot to breathe, so who can be bothered?

NO EXCUSE

You're pampering yourself if you think summer is reason enough for a sloppy appearance. It isn't! You'll feel much better if you make an effort to keep neat and tidy.

Don't let looks struggle or fly away in messy disorder. A trim coiffure can make or break your entire appearance.

KEEP IN LINE

Keep that figure in line, especially if you tend to be plump. It's more comfortable to go without a grille in summer but how does it look? A grille in the mirror can answer that question.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

WHY DOES A WIFE TAKE RISK?

By MARY HAMPSON

WOULD you leave your husband, children, and all the calm domestic things that occupy most of the year, and disappear alone — to risk your life?

comfort and take a terrible chance. Why?

Is it an antidote for boredom, a lust for excitement, or a need to test their courage like a man? Or is it none of those things?

I went to Huddersfield to see Mrs Anne Hall, who is the mother of three children and one of the most formidable motor rally drivers in Europe. She was for three years co-driver with Sheila Van Dam, and together they won the highest award in women's rally driving.

child's exercise book marked carefully with every village they will meet on what is regarded as the toughest endurance test in rally driving, were spread around the floor to my uncomprehending admiration.

I could only remember that Mrs Hall told me that last time she drove in a rally her car went off the road. "We were over a precipice," she said, "absolutely turning an other page. There's at least 60 hours' work in preparation for a rally, with all the maps and things."

Then she brightened. "I lost ten pounds on the last one," she said. But I was still stuck with that precipice.

"The men who do the most thrilling are usually the ones who won't give their wives any driving practice. Given the same opportunities as men, I think women are just as good."

HER TRAINING

Then Mrs Hall, militant motorist, was interrupted by her son, who wanted a sickening plaster on his knee.

Making arrangements for someone to look after the family while she is away is hours more work to Mrs Hall's before-rally preparations.

For at least a month before a rally she goes into strict training which means plenty of swimming and tennis with the children, no smoking or drinking and a 10 o'clock curfew — "But I must admit I often dodge that," said Mrs Hall with a chuckle.

"Most of us drivers have odd, silly superstitions. I know Shirley Moss hates anyone to wish him good luck before a race. Sheila used to insist on wearing a silver bracelet she once won in a speed event. Funny thing, too, the time it broke, we lost. I used to load myself with good luck charms till I cut it all out. But I won't drive number 13 car. I hate 13."

Why does she drive in rallies? "It's a challenge, I suppose, and you've just got to meet it. When you've accepted it, you can't back out."

"People criticise me for leaving my family. They say I have no right to take such risks. I believe that if I can make sure my children are well cared for I am entitled to go. I don't take unnecessary risks. I love rally driving and my husband doesn't object."

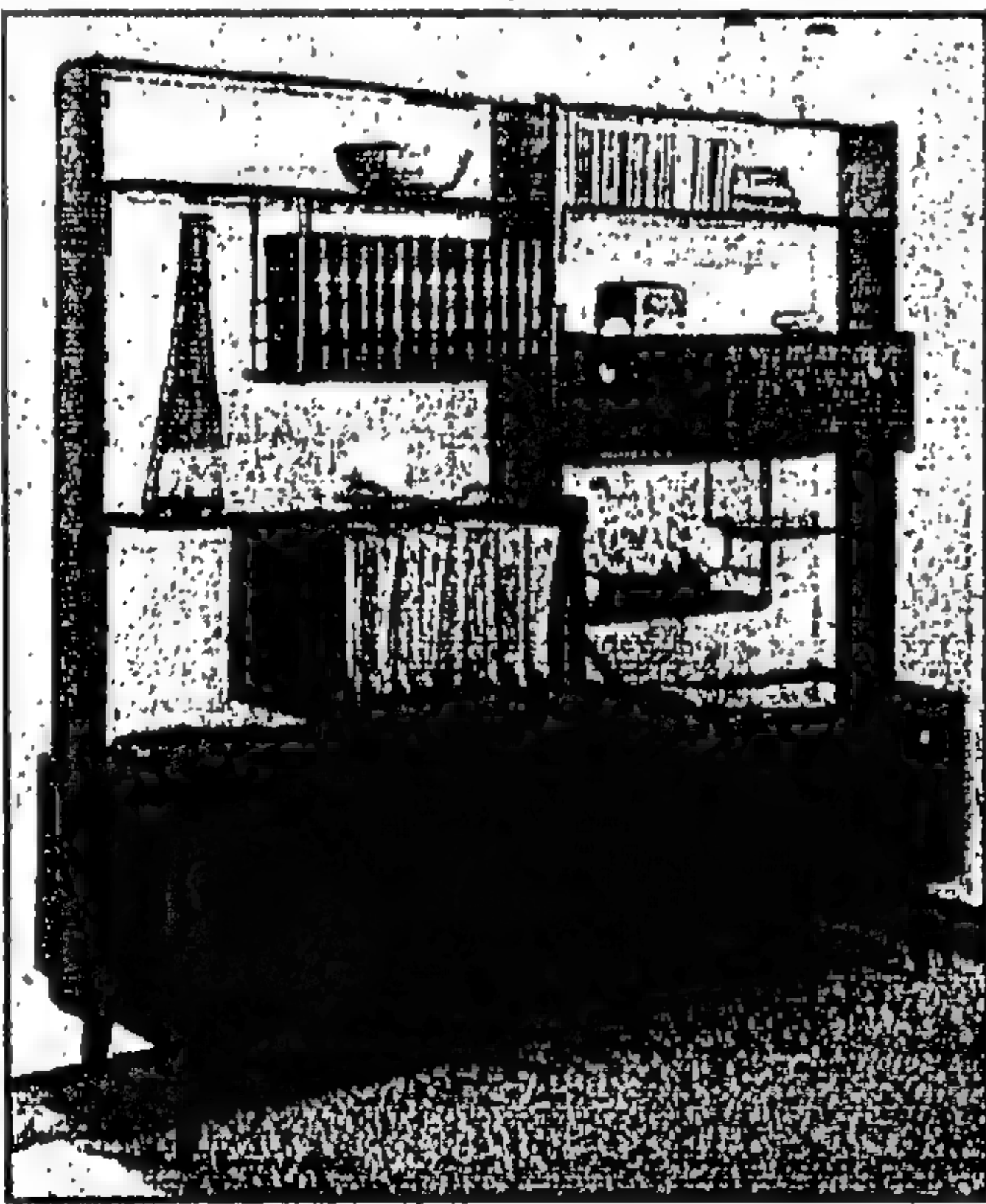
"Maybe it all adds up to this! I'm a bit of a fatalist in my way. I think that when it's meant to happen it will happen. Rallies can be dicey, but the nearest I came to death was when I was crossing over to my car in Huddersfield. I was nearly run down by a bus."

Modern Trends In Furniture



The modern wife chooses her programme from a horizontally placed dial—it's much easier.

DAINTY CABINET



Train Junior To Drink A Pint Of Milk A Day

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

MANY a child of two, five or six will refuse to drink milk at meals. In a few instances, having him drink through a straw or letting him pour the milk from a pitcher into his cup or glass does wonders. Giving him sweetened chocolate milk might work, but then he may get too much sugar and may drink only chocolate milk. Besides, most chocolate milk sold in bottles is skim milk.

to enjoy pure milk, at least a pint a day.

Having trained your child to respect "No," said in a moderate tone just once, place before him, at the beginning of his meal, a cup or glass with two or three tablespoons of milk in it, and no other food.

Don't put the milk to his mouth or say, "You must drink this milk!" Just tell him he can have no other food until he does.

If, after a few minutes, he does not choose to drink it, remove the milk and let him get down. End his meal and make sure he can have no other food, except perhaps fruit juice, until the next regular mealtime.

Proceed again as before. Should he hold out for more than two or three meals, consult your physician.

WON'T GET ENOUGH

You might decide not to bother if he won't drink milk, assuming you can get enough milk into his diet via puddings and the like. However, he can rarely get enough milk in these disguised ways. Train him now

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

BORN today, you are apt to find that there is a rather complex conflict in your nature which you must resolve if you are to become successful in life.

Basically, you are a traditionalist and would normally adhere to conventions. Yet, there is a kernel of originality in your nature which makes it impossible for you to always accept the status quo. You see something that is obsolete—and you want to remedy it. It is likely that your best success in life will come when you disregard the conventions and strike out for yourself, on your own.

All during your youth, there will be this continual struggle within you. But as you approach the middle years and find you are still about where you were when you started, you will strike out adventurously.

Fond of travel, it is likely that you will roam the seven seas in youth, going where fancy carries you, picking up information and experience—and eventually putting it to use, once you decide what your major objective in life should be.

You have a magnetic personality and will make friends wherever you go. You may also make some enemies. But as the results of your ideas begin to emerge you will find that those who originally opposed you will be converted to your way of thinking. You, more than many, can become true masters of your own fate. Whatever happens, don't blame your star—blame only yourself.

Among those born on this date are: Gen. Claire Lee Chennault of World War II fame; Peter II, king of Yugoslavia; Arthur Train, Julian Green, and Katherine Burt, authors; Marquis de Lafayette, General in the American Revolution; Jane Addams, philanthropist; Henry Decker, noted critic; James K. Hackett, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may find it propitious to publish a new idea. Call it to the attention of someone important.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Conclude an important agreement today and you will find that it is substantially in your favour.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—May not be a normal business day, but an important decision, favourable to your welfare, could be decided.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If in partnership with a relative, be sure that both of you know where you stand; act decisively.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A good day, it seems, for everything but romance. Avoid even the slightest disagreement.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A neighbourly deed today may give aid and assistance to someone who needs it very much, indeed.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Accept a social invitation for this afternoon or evening. Meet new friends and have a happy time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you are thinking of changing your residence, this could be a good day to find your new home.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A short trip, today, partly for business and partly for pleasure could prove highly rewarding.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Consider an important problem from all angles, but put off making a definite decision until later on.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Take advantage of a one-day excursion trip to visit relatives. Special rates can be attractive.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—One of those "do-it-yourself" days, when you can accomplish a lot of odd jobs around the house.

BORN today, you are that unusual combination of the dreamer of great dreams and the doer of great deeds. There is a real touch of genius in your imagination, but you are practical enough to instrument your ideas. If you can't do it personally, you will see that others are directed properly.

In other words, you can become the force behind great movements which can become world-shaking in their import. On the other hand, you can sit back and dream away your whole life. With the proper direction in childhood, you should learn to outgrow this day-dreaming and begin to function as a "doer." Once you have set your mind on something, you are doggedly determined and will press forward unrelentingly, until you have reached your goal.

One thing you may need to guard against: impulse. You are inclined to promise the moon, the sun or the stars under the pressure of demonstrating your love and affection. Then, you may find it difficult to deliver. Be a little less flamboyant in making promises and life will be easier for you and everyone else!

You have an ardent love nature but you may have difficulty in finding the one person whom you can cope with your complex nature. If you can, exceptional happiness is in store for you. However, if you wed in haste, you are apt to regret at leisure, so think twice before you permit a temporary infatuation to turn into a marriage, editor and publisher.

Among those born on this date are: Queen Elizabeth I of England; John Pierpont Morgan, financier and philanthropist; Victorien Sardou, French dramatist; and George Palmer Putnam, editor and publisher.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If pressing a legal matter, this should be the day you receive good reports of the judgment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The domestic scene should be happy and serene, if wed. If still single, keep an eye out for romance.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If perplexed in any business matter, get competent advice and then follow it exactly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Someone owes you some money! This would be a fine day to go out and collect. You'd probably get it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A meeting of your fraternal organization could be highly rewarding as well as entertaining.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember! It's a good idea to always put your best foot forward. Improve your personal appearance and pose!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There's romance in the air for you if you are seeking it. Meet someone new and interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—There may be a lag in some business deal you were planning. Just bide your time; don't become impatient.

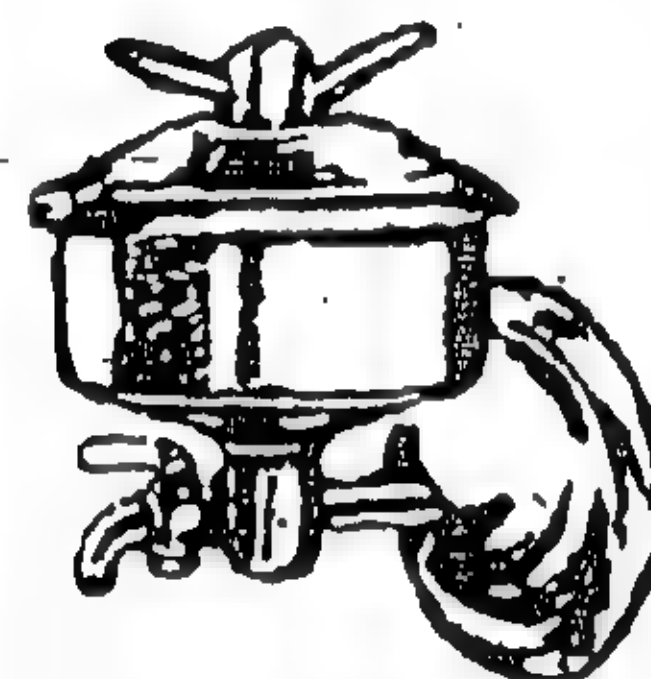
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You could start out on a sea trip today and anticipate that everything would work out as expected.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Avoid making any business or personal loan just now. You can help in another way. Try that first.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you need new home furnishings, especially furniture, take a look at the sales. You should find bargains.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Stick closely to the home front today and get things done that need finishing. It's your "odd-jobs" day!

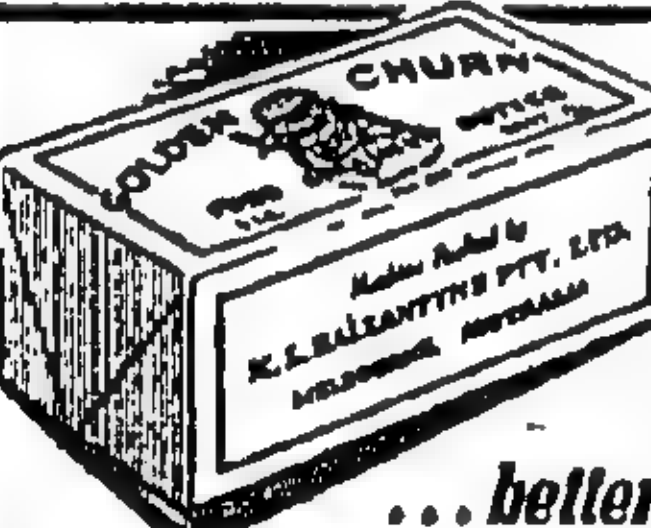
Ogden Health Protecting WATER PURIFIER



- Removes harmful bacteria Chlorine, Chlorophenols, organic colors, odor, and bad tastes caused by soluble iron.
- Removes all suspended matter supplying brilliantly clean, delicious, palatable water.
- Removes toxins produced by bacteria, decomposition and putrefaction.
- The flavour of coffee, tea and other beverages is improved substantially by brewing with purified water.
- Used for babies formula water.
- Indispensable for kidney disease and gastritis.

ANGLO-CHINESE TRADING COMPANY
Suite 304 Pedder Bldg., 3rd Fl.
Hong Kong. Tel: 20053.

GOLDEN CHURN



... better butter
SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.



PHILIPS
kerosene
GAS range

Look at these features
Absolute safety
Always ready for immediate use
No disagreeable odours

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE
Sole Agents GILMAN & CO., LTD.
Showroom Gloucester Arcade

EVEN HEMINGWAY CRIED AT THE END

New York.
"FISH," the Old Man says softly to the creature which is to fight him for three days and nights: "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

Spencer Tracy could almost have uttered the same grim words during the 90 days he rose at two in the morning in Havana and was put in a little boat to act in "The Old Man and the Sea," Ernest Hemingway's novel.

Near Tracy, who, not looking battered and weather-bronzed with a pocket-size microphone hidden in his rags, were a director with megaphone and cameramen in another boat.

Motor fish

They would work until three in the afternoon and go back to Havana and sleep. They did this for three months as a mechanical fish pulled Tracy this way and that.

Warner Brothers began filming in April, 1936. It is ready for release this month or next. For Tracy it began even a month before April, 1936. He needed five weeks of walking barefoot over Cuban coast sludge to harden his feet and get weatherbeaten for his part as the old barefoot fisher.

The story, already translated into 22 languages, has become almost classic. The Old Man has gone for 84 days without taking a fish. Unlike the other Gulf Stream fishers he now goes out alone.

The Old Man goes out and hooks a great fish, a marlin, and fights it for three days and nights. But he arrives ashore with only the skeleton. He has lost the battle with trailing sharks.

The film cost Warners \$500,000 dollars (£1,000,000). They began it, one of the longest and most tortuous they ever produced, in Cuba, in spring 1936. Then they went to Panama with diving bells for underwater

photography. For 10 minutes of the film's over-see shots a team worked for 10 weeks with unceasingly.

There were other unwilling actors who caused them anguish: the live marlins used to attack the attacking sharks.

Eventually they had to use monster sausages to get the cast of sharks to perform with zeal—fake marlins made of edible plastic stuffed with horsemeat.

Then another chapter of the film-making began off the Peruvian coast, six weeks of trying to catch the marlin which, fishers would say, is the real star of the picture.

The man who led the operation was the author, Hemingway. Stripped to the waist, bearded, bronzed, he fascinated the Hollywooders. He looked as though he were a distinguished star himself, bluff and jovial and serious in turn.

Blue water

The back to Hollywood to discuss it all—and to graft the marlin scenes to Spencer Tracy's Cuban chapter.

But many more scenes of calm blue water were needed, and the Pacific near Los Angeles was no good.

Off the film-men went to Hawaii for a few months. They had travelled 18,000 miles and more before they could finally say: "We have it all."

It was September 1937. And since then they have been cutting and editing.

No doubt for release it is

buried into an admirable, deeply moving film which made Hemingway nod with satisfaction, tears in his eyes.

—RONALD SINGLETON



VENICE.
NOBODY is failing into the Grand Canal this year unless they have been paid to do so, which is a measure of how drastically this festival has changed.

A British film unit here to capture authentic background and incidents for the mickety-musical about the Venice film festival, Grab Me a Gondola, have found so little to take the mickety out of it have had to hire stunt girls to fall into the canal at 25,000 lire (£14) per immersion.

The starlets who used to do this sort of thing for publicity and for free are not here.

In fact, with exploitation budgets slashed and movie lions down to their last Cadillac, this festival has become disconcertingly sane. People are actually going to see the films at night.

This is making the festival authorities very happy since the purpose of these occasions is that people should see the films. But it does make things rather tough for producer George Brown who is making Grab Me a Gondola.

When he took his cameras on to the Lido beaches to record for posterity and for Pinewood the strange antics of publicity-seeking starlets he could find no starlets.

This is partly because in recent times the sugar-daddies

have been coming here with their lined daughters—and wives—and the starlets have found they stand a better chance of being discovered and signed up in places like London.

So Mr Brown and his Pinewood team have had to fall back on getting tourists and models to masquerade as starlets and their cruiser activities will be shot in studios in England against suitable backdrops.

The hero

I think I ought to tell you that the hero of Grab Me a Gondola is a feared but golden-hearted show business columnist named Tom Wilson who, it has been alleged in some quarters, has been based on the Evening Standard's feared but golden-hearted show business columnist.

In the circumstances we felt obliged to tell Mr Brown that nobody less than Dirk Bogarde or Alec Guinness could play the part.

We also felt obliged to brief Mr Brown on another score: in his story the columnist becomes involved with a blonde bombshell—which of course the Press Council would never allow and is therefore something that columnists meticulously refrain from doing while they are on duty.

I now have to add that the story may remain untold.

The Government's National Film Finance Corporation has qualms about financing a British musical. If only the musical—which ran for two years in the West End—could be made without music they would be less worried.

If the film should not be made what will happen to all those breath-taking close-ups of the ancient monuments of Venice, of the Doges Palace, of the

THOMAS WISEMAN'S LIMELIGHT GOES TO VENICE

I report the end of the madcap days

Campanile of St Mark's, of Elsa Maxwell?

Mr Brown said: "The Rank Organisation is paying for this expedition. I suppose they can always use this stuff in another film."

Therefore if Elsa Maxwell should turn up on the Bridge of Sighs in a biography of Lord Byron you will understand how it happened.

Though this festival has a slightly impoverished air about it this year, the Lido is still a long way from Tobacco Road.

This may be why Mr Erskine Caldwell, who wrote that epic of how to grow old disgracefully, has beaten such a hasty retreat.

Perhaps he disagreed with the Italian critics who gave a somewhat less than ecstatic reception to the film of one of his other earthy epics God's Little Acre which is said to have sold 10 million copies.

Fabulous

Mr Caldwell told us that for 25 years he had not allowed anyone to film his book. He had turned down fabulous offers. A big studio, he felt, might have ruined his story—the way that John Ford ruined Tobacco Road by giving it an optimistic ending.

When we saw the film we discovered that whereas in the book one brother kills the other with a pitchfork and the father goes on digging for non-existent gold, in the film nobody kills anybody and the father, instead of pursuing futile dreams of gold, takes to ploughing the land like everybody else.

By the time the notices were out the next morning Mr Caldwell had unexpectedly, but perhaps not so surprisingly, checked out.



Hollywood cricket... knocks locals for a loop.

George Whiting Hollywood is going to get lit up—and how!

If you can imagine Piccadilly going pink or Stepney being sprinkled with stardust you will have some idea of what is going on in Hollywood just now in a feverish attempt to make the place fit for suckers to gaze upon.

It seems someone has called the joint a dump, and so upset are the citizens that they have broken out into a million-dollar terrazzo rash of black and pink, not to mention the biggest set of arc lights in all creation.

Fifth Street, Hollywood, known in song and on screen as the Boulevard, is the hub of the

movie universe—even if most of the migrants moved out years ago. Says the guide:

"Stand at the corner of Hollywood and Vine for an hour and every type of human being will pass before you, from beautiful girls in their scanty pants to Peter the Hermit, with his long white beard and his loincloth."

Well, I stood on Hollywood and Vine for an hour the other morning with never a sign of pearly party or Peter. What I did see were strips of jerry-built stores, garish neon competing unsuccessfully with California sunshine, and a prevailing air of brass cheap-jackery that made my particular section of Hollywood Boulevard look like a B-feature film set, liable to collapse at one good shove.

Uprooted.

But Mr Claire Grimes, of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, assured me that "all this is about to change. As of now—and how!

Last week they began turning more than a mile of Hollywood Boulevard into what the world will come to know as "The Walk of Fame." Pavements are being uprooted, and in their place will be laid a new sidewalk of charcoal terrazzo emblazoned with 30-inch coral stars at six-foot intervals, and in each of these coral stars will be set the name of a movie personality in solid inch-thick bronze.

One year from now visitors will be able to walk all over 1,500 cinema stars, from Garbo to Guinness, from Plectford to Peck, and from Harold Lloyd to Alan Ladd. They will toddle upon Shirley Temple. Sporting types will be able to play hopscotch along the Crosby-Hope-Sinatra route. And good-

ness knows what is likely to happen if little dogs light upon the name of Lassie.

The first stretch of charcoal will be laid a few days ago, with the late Ronald Colman among the first six celebrities—drawn by lot—have their names handed down to posterity in pavement bronze. The others were Olive Borden, Louise Fazenda, Preston Foster, Burt Lancaster and Edward Sedgwick.

By the time it is finished, the primrose parade of black and pink—sorry, charcoal and coral—will have cost £122,000 dollars. Another 4,000,000 dollars will have been spent on improving adjacent buildings. And at night the whole shooting match will be lit by 582 mercury vapour lamps of 7,000 watts each, mounted in clusters of three on 104 poles—the whitest and brightest lights in the whole wide world.

Hollywood in the past has often been accused of being lit up. Well, that's just how it's gonna be, folks.

Anxious

My Los Angeles hosts anxious to solve my sensitivities after the bloodshed of Floyd Patterson v Roy Harris, offered me a choice of a football match, a bull-fight, or an open-air concert at Hollywood Bowl.

Upon examination, however, it turned out that 73,000 other people were going to the football match, that the bull-fight was in Mexico, and that the Bowl was devoting itself to the brassier bludgeonings of Beethoven.

So, instead, I got permission to watch Hollywood play. Los Angeles at all things cricket. As a result, I am now able to boast of having seen an Old Haberdasherie blunder knocking

the locals for a loop outside the elevators of Mr Hilton's latest and largest hotel downtown in Los Angeles. Californians may take in their stride such oddities as spurs, stetsons, sombreros, sacks, sun-lips, turbans, Indian jackets, Mexican blankets, bikinis and even loincloths—but that O.H. blazer really sent them.

It was being worn by David Codrich, who, pointedly ignoring the side-lows, was on his way to keep wicket for Hollywood in the adept manner that marked him out as a leg-ball expert for Brondesbury until he left to soil real estate in Los Angeles seven years ago.

A 14-mile drive along an eight-lane freeway brought us to Griffith Park, where English, Australian, South African, West Indian and other expatriates have watered a green oasis on which they may conduct their cricket rites among the brownish foothills of Southern California.

You turn right at the Walt Disney lot, you ignore the weekend cowboys riding the range on Pinto ponies, and you start an oxlie's tears as you see the hat, stumps and balls that adorn the roof of the wooden pavilion. They come from the house of the late Sir Aubrey Smith, who started it all nearly 30 years ago.

You watch the cricket, you drink tea that has not been imprisoned in a bag, you admire the pictures of Sir Donald Bradman, Quibby Allen and Beria Karloff in the pavilion, and you meet George Walker, the Hollywood captain of a day. And you are not one little bit surprised to hear that George is a former golferman from Dulwich, was once butter to ex-King Manoel of Portugal, and now looks after the picnic catering whenever Bob Hope, Jack

Denny or Burns and Allen want to throw a barbecue.

Incidentally, Los Angeles (44 for six) beat Hollywood (44), and the best cricketer on view was a Bufflo-born American named George Farrar, who pops across from San Diego (175 miles each way) every Sunday to show the Brits how to hit cover drives and bowl left-arm spinners. His dad was a Yorkshire coach, circa Hirst and Rhodes, and any club side in London would be mighty glad to get his subscription.

Litter

How are the new litter laws getting along in London? If the public are a little slow on the uptake, I suggest borrowing a couple of the urgent slogans to be seen decalating the side-walk litter bins of Los Angeles. They read: "Hey, you there with the trash in your hand. CO-OPERATE." And: "Don't throw it. STOMP it."

—(London Express Service).

TARGET

N	R	C
E	E	M
I	T	N

How many words of four letters can you make from the letters in the target in the square? No foreign words, no proper names, and no words with more than one vowel. Solution: 1. snail, 2. snail, 3. snail, 4. snail, 5. snail, 6. snail, 7. snail, 8. snail, 9. snail, 10. snail, 11. snail, 12. snail, 13. snail, 14. snail, 15. snail, 16. snail, 17. snail, 18. snail, 19. snail, 20. snail, 21. snail, 22. snail, 23. snail, 24. snail, 25. snail, 26. snail, 27. snail, 28. snail, 29. snail, 30. snail, 31. snail, 32. snail, 33. snail, 34. snail, 35. snail, 36. snail, 37. snail, 38. snail, 39. snail, 40. snail, 41. snail, 42. snail, 43. snail, 44. snail, 45. snail, 46. snail, 47. snail, 48. snail, 49. snail, 50. snail, 51. snail, 52. snail, 53. snail, 54. snail, 55. snail, 56. snail, 57. snail, 58. snail, 59. snail, 60. snail, 61. snail, 62. snail, 63. snail, 64. snail, 65. snail, 66. snail, 67. snail, 68. snail, 69. snail, 70. snail, 71. snail, 72. snail, 73. snail, 74. snail, 75. snail, 76. snail, 77. snail, 78. snail, 79. snail, 80. snail, 81. snail, 82. snail, 83. snail, 84. snail, 85. snail, 86. snail, 87. snail, 88. snail, 89. snail, 90. snail, 91. snail, 92. snail, 93. snail, 94. snail, 95. snail, 96. snail, 97. snail, 98. snail, 99. snail, 100. snail, 101. snail, 102. snail, 103. snail, 104. snail, 105. snail, 106. snail, 107. snail, 108. snail, 109. snail, 110. snail, 111. snail, 112. snail, 113. snail, 114. snail, 115. snail, 116. snail, 117. snail, 118. snail, 119. snail, 120. snail, 121. snail, 122. snail, 123. snail, 124. snail, 125. snail, 126. snail, 127. snail, 128. snail, 129. snail, 130. snail, 131. snail, 132. snail, 133. snail, 134. snail, 135. snail, 136. snail, 137. snail, 138. snail, 139. snail, 140. snail, 141. snail, 142. snail, 143. snail, 144. snail, 145. snail, 146. snail, 147. snail, 148. snail, 149. snail, 150. snail, 151. snail, 152. snail, 153. snail, 154. snail, 155. snail, 156. snail, 157. snail, 158. snail, 159. snail, 160. snail, 161. snail, 162. snail, 163. snail, 164. snail, 165. snail, 166. snail, 167. snail, 168. snail, 169. snail, 170. snail, 171. snail, 172. snail, 173. snail, 174. snail, 175. snail, 176. snail, 177. snail, 178. snail, 179. snail, 180. snail, 181. snail, 182. snail, 183. snail, 184. snail, 185. snail, 186. snail, 187. snail, 188. snail, 189. snail, 190. snail, 191. snail, 192. snail, 193. snail, 194. snail, 195. snail, 196. snail, 197. snail, 198. snail, 199. snail, 200. snail, 201. snail, 202. snail, 203. snail, 204. snail, 205. snail, 206. snail, 207. snail, 208. snail, 209. snail, 210. snail, 211. snail, 212. snail, 213. snail, 214. snail, 215. snail, 216. snail, 217. snail, 218. snail, 219. snail, 220. snail, 221. snail, 222. snail, 223. snail, 224. snail, 225. snail, 226. snail, 227. snail, 228. snail, 229. snail, 230. snail, 231. snail, 232. snail, 233. snail, 234. snail, 235. snail, 236. snail, 237. snail, 238. snail, 239. snail, 240. snail, 241. snail, 242. snail, 243. snail, 244. snail, 245. snail, 246. snail, 247. snail, 248. snail, 249. snail, 250. snail, 251. snail, 252. snail, 253. snail, 254. snail, 255. snail, 256. snail, 257. snail, 258. snail, 259. snail, 260. snail, 261. snail, 262. snail, 263. snail, 264. snail, 265. snail, 266. snail, 267. snail, 268. snail, 269. snail, 270. snail, 271. snail, 272. snail, 273. snail, 274. snail, 275. snail, 276. snail, 277. snail, 278. snail, 279. snail, 280. snail, 281. snail, 282. snail, 283. snail, 284. snail, 285. snail, 286. snail, 287. snail, 288. snail, 289. snail, 290. snail, 291. snail, 292. snail, 293. snail, 294. snail, 295. snail, 296. snail, 297. snail, 298. snail, 299. snail, 300. snail, 301. snail, 302. snail, 303. snail, 304. snail, 305. snail, 306. snail, 307. snail, 308. snail, 309. snail, 310. snail, 311. snail, 312. snail, 313. snail, 314. snail, 315. snail, 316. snail, 317. snail, 318. snail, 319. snail, 320. snail, 321. snail, 322. snail, 323. snail, 324. snail, 325. snail, 326. snail, 327. snail, 328. snail, 329. snail, 330. snail, 331. snail, 332. snail, 333. snail, 334. snail, 335. snail, 336. snail, 337. snail, 338. snail, 339. snail, 340. snail, 341. snail, 342. snail, 343. snail, 344. snail, 345. snail, 346. snail, 347. snail, 348. snail, 349. snail, 350. snail, 351. snail, 352. snail, 353. snail, 354. snail, 355. snail, 356. snail, 357. snail, 358. snail, 359. snail, 360. snail, 361. snail, 362. snail, 363. snail, 364. snail, 365. snail, 366. snail, 367. snail, 368. snail, 369. snail, 370. snail, 371. snail, 372. snail, 373. snail, 374. snail, 375. snail, 376. snail, 377. snail, 378. snail, 379. snail, 380. snail, 381. snail, 382. snail, 383. snail, 384. snail, 385. snail, 386. snail, 387. snail, 388. snail, 389. snail, 390. snail, 391. snail, 392. snail, 393. snail, 394. snail, 395. snail, 396. snail, 397. snail, 398. snail, 399. snail, 400. snail, 401. snail, 402. snail, 403. snail, 404. snail, 405. snail, 406. snail, 407. snail, 408. snail, 409. snail, 410. snail, 411. snail, 412. snail, 413. snail, 414. snail, 415. snail, 416. snail, 417. snail, 418. snail, 419. snail, 420. snail, 421. snail, 422. snail, 423. snail, 424. snail, 425. snail, 426. snail, 427. snail, 428. snail, 429. snail, 430. snail, 431. snail, 432. snail, 433. snail, 434. snail, 435. snail, 436. snail, 437. snail, 438. snail, 439. snail, 440. snail, 441. snail, 442. snail, 443. snail, 444. snail, 445. snail, 446. snail, 447. snail, 448. snail, 449. snail, 450. snail, 451. snail, 452. snail, 453. snail, 454. snail, 455. snail, 456. snail, 457. snail, 458. snail, 459. snail, 460. snail, 461. snail, 462. snail, 463. snail, 464. snail, 465. snail, 466. snail, 467. snail, 468. snail, 469. snail, 470. snail, 471. snail, 472. snail, 473. snail, 474. snail, 475. snail, 476. snail, 477. snail, 478. snail, 479. snail, 480. snail, 481. snail, 482. snail, 483. snail, 484. snail, 485. snail, 486. snail, 487. snail, 488. snail, 489. snail, 490. snail, 491. snail, 492. snail, 493. snail, 494. snail, 495. snail, 496. snail, 497. snail, 498. snail, 499. snail, 500. snail, 501. snail, 502. snail, 503. snail, 504. snail, 505. snail, 506. snail, 507. snail, 508. snail, 509. snail, 510. snail, 511. snail, 512. snail, 513. snail, 514. snail, 515. snail, 516. snail, 517. snail, 518. snail, 519. snail, 520. snail, 521. snail, 522. snail, 523. snail, 524. snail, 525. snail, 526. snail, 527. snail, 528. snail, 529. snail, 530. snail, 531. snail, 532. snail, 533. snail, 534. snail, 535. snail, 536. snail, 537. snail, 538. snail, 539. snail, 540. snail, 541. snail, 542. snail, 543. snail, 544. snail, 545. snail, 546. snail, 547. snail, 548. snail, 549. snail, 550. snail, 551. snail, 552. snail, 553. snail, 554. snail, 555. snail, 556. snail, 557. snail, 558. snail, 559. snail, 560. snail, 561. snail, 562. snail, 563. snail, 564. snail, 565. snail, 566. snail, 567. snail, 568. snail, 569. snail, 570. snail, 571. snail, 572. snail, 573. snail, 574. snail, 575. snail, 576. snail, 577. snail, 578. snail, 579. snail, 580. snail, 581. snail, 582. snail, 583. snail, 584. snail, 585. snail, 586. snail, 587. snail, 588. snail, 589. snail, 590. snail, 591. snail, 592. snail, 593. snail, 594. snail, 595. snail, 596. snail, 597. snail, 598. snail, 599. snail, 600. snail, 601. snail, 602. snail, 603. snail, 604. snail, 605. snail, 606. snail, 607. snail, 608. snail, 609. snail, 610. snail, 611. snail, 612. snail, 613. snail, 614. snail, 615. snail, 616. snail, 617. snail, 618. snail, 619. snail, 620. snail, 621. snail, 622. snail, 623. snail, 624. snail, 625. snail, 626. snail, 627. snail, 628. snail, 629. snail, 630. snail, 631. snail, 632. snail, 633. snail, 634. snail, 635. snail, 636. snail, 637. snail, 638. snail, 639. snail, 640. snail, 641. snail, 642. snail, 643. snail, 644. snail, 645. snail, 646. snail, 647. snail, 648. snail, 649. snail, 650. snail, 651. snail, 652. snail, 653. snail, 654. snail, 655. snail, 656. snail, 657. snail, 658. snail, 659. snail, 660. snail, 661. snail, 662. snail, 663. snail, 664. snail, 665. snail, 666. snail, 667. snail, 668. snail, 669. snail, 670. snail, 671. snail, 672. snail, 673. snail, 674. snail, 675. snail, 676. snail, 677. snail, 678. snail, 679. snail, 680. snail, 681. snail, 682. snail, 683. snail, 684. snail, 685. snail, 686. snail, 687. snail, 688. snail, 689. snail, 690. snail, 691. snail, 692. snail, 693. snail, 694. snail, 695. snail, 696. snail, 697. snail, 698. snail, 699. snail, 700. snail, 701. snail, 702. snail, 703. snail, 704. snail, 705. snail, 706. snail, 707. snail, 708. snail, 709. snail, 710. snail, 711. snail, 712. snail, 713. snail, 714. snail, 715. snail, 716. snail, 717. snail, 718. snail, 719. snail, 720. snail, 721. snail, 722. snail, 723. snail, 724. snail, 725. snail, 726. snail, 727. snail, 728. snail, 729. snail, 730. snail, 731. snail, 732. snail, 733. snail, 734. snail, 735. snail, 736. snail, 737. snail, 738. snail, 739. snail, 740. snail, 741. snail, 742. snail, 743. snail, 744. snail, 745. snail, 746. snail, 747. snail, 748. snail, 749. snail, 750. snail, 751. snail, 752. snail, 753. snail, 754. snail, 755. snail, 756. snail, 757. snail, 758. snail, 759. snail, 760. snail, 761. snail, 762. snail, 763. snail, 764. snail, 765. snail, 766. snail, 767. snail, 768. snail, 769. snail, 770. snail, 771.

The ROBERT PITMAN Book Page

Frank Tilsley Writes A Winner —Too Late

I HAVE been studying a surprising document in the case of the death of an author. That document is a book with a cheap, plain paper cover.

It is a publisher's advance copy of a new novel to be published in September. The title on the cover: **MUTINY!** The author's name: Frank Tilsley.

Do you remember the tragedy of Frank Tilsley? He was the tailor's son, the council-school boy from Lancashire who suddenly found prosperity, and fame at the age of 29.

He wrote a novel about the ordinary people in the Manchester backstreets. It was called *Heaven and Hell*. It became a best-seller.

Frank Tilsley moved south. He broadcast regularly for the B.B.C. But he never ceased to write about the ordinary folk of Lancashire.

IT HAD STRENGTH

Take his long novel *Champion Road*. That followed the life of Jonathan Briggs, the newsboy who became a rich, gasping jerry-builder.

Its style did not glitter, but like its hero it had strength. In America alone in 1946 it earned Frank Tilsley the tailor's son more than £10,000.

And so, for the readers in the lending libraries, Frank Tilsley's progress seemed well set. His books—*Heaven and Hell*, *Common Voice of the Crowd*—were always on the reserved shelf. His cheerful, saw-edged Manchester voice was heard with attention Sunday after Sunday on the B.B.C.

Then one Sunday that voice was silent. The recorded programme in which Frank Tilsley's name was billed was cancelled. With amazement Frank Tilsley's readers saw in their Sunday papers that at 52 this cheery, unpretentious writer had committed suicide at his home in Beckenham, Kent.

HE HAD WORRIES

Why? At the corner's court, the usual details of drab suburban horror were recited. The court heard about the garage in which Frank Tilsley's body was found, about the breadknife at his side.

But gradually the truth emerged. Frank Tilsley was worried about money.

His surge of success with *Champion Road* had left a backwash of tax debts. Publishers had willingly advanced cash before his books were written. And somehow these later books never had quite the success to put Frank Tilsley straight again.

Yet, of course, these were the sort of troubles which many people have had to fight—including the homely Lancashire people in the Tilsley books. Why should such troubles overwhelm a writer with years of success ahead of him?

MUTINIES

Well, that was the point. In the despairing weeks before his death Frank Tilsley became convinced that there was no success ahead of him. His reading public had been faithful. But he knew that the critics, who had once compared him to Wells and Arnold Bennett, were no longer admiring.

And that was not the worst. On the day he died Frank Tilsley was finishing a new historical novel. It was based on the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore, which gripped the Royal Navy during the wars against Napoleon.

Frank Tilsley was excited with the mutiny theme at first. But each morning, as he read through his growing typescript in his suburban home at Beckenham, he grew more and more despondent. The typed words seemed dull and clumsy, the characters lifeless. He decided that his talent was as dead as a worn-out battery.

Thus in despair Frank Tilsley killed himself. His finished but unrevised manuscript was tidied for publication by his son Vincent. Now, in proof form, in its blue paper cover, it lies on my desk.

But why have I called it a surprising document? The reason is, and indeed, until this week I too believed that Tilsley's genius as a story-teller was ebbing in his later work. But I am now certain that I was wrong. I fancy that *Mutiny!*—which he believed was his final future—will be regarded as perhaps the most powerful of all the Tilsley books.

All suicides are needless. But none more so than Frank Tilsley.

QUOTE

"It was in August 1942 that the squadrons of the Pathfinder Force assembled. Typical of the attitude of Bert Harris, our C-in-C, to the Pathfinder Force was the order which he issued to me that the squadrons were to operate the day they arrived, without missing a single night, and that no period would be allowed for preparation or for training. This was quite unreasonable, but... I made no attempt to argue."

From *"PATHFINDER—War-time Memoirs"*, by Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Brown (Muller, 18s.). A bumptious, bad-tempered, egotistic, fascinating book.



The woman who comforted a king

FROM a book of fascinating interest, I take this photograph of the celebrated Alice Keppel, mistress of Edward VII. Mrs Keppel first met the King when she was strolling at Sandown Races with Mr Jack Leslie, husband of Sir Winston Churchill's aunt, Anita.

Wrote Anita in her memoirs: "Dear Jacky introduced his fair com-

panion. The Prince immediately asked her to accompany him, and his face lit up with such a smile that Jacky knew he would not see her again for a long time!"

A recent history of Edward VII's reign thus notes the sequel: "It soon became obvious to even the most obtuse onlookers that the King was in far better humour when Alice Keppel

was present than when she was not; and, since the great preoccupation of the day was to divert the King, Mrs Keppel soon found herself invited to all the same country house parties as the Sovereign."

It is well known that Queen Alexandra nobly summoned Mrs Keppel to the King's bedside when he was dying. But what has not been known until now

is the effect of the relationship on Mr Keppel's own family—on her handsome husband George, son of the Earl of Albemarle, and on their two young daughters.

Now one of these daughters has written her autobiography—*EDWARDIAN DAUGHTER*, by Sonia Keppel (Hamish, Hamilton, 21s.). I predict it will be one of the big unexpected book successes of the year.

THE SAINT WHO WROTE A BEST SELLER

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAINT. By St. Therese of Lisieux. Harrill, 21s.

THE publishers are not quite sure whether this is the story of a "saint who wrote a best-seller" or "the best seller that brought its author a sainthood." The facts are these:

At the age of 14, Therese Martin, belonging to a middle-class French family, pestered the Pope during an audience at the Vatican into allowing her to enter the Carmelite Order at the unsuitably early age of 16.

At the age of 24 she died (1897), convent life having proved too rigorous for one who came of a somewhat sickly family. There were nine Martin children; four died in childhood, five became nuns.

Expurgated

But this was not the end of the story. In the last two years of her life, Therese wrote an autobiography with the unpromising title, *The Story of the Springtime of a Little White Flower*. A local printing works at Lisieux printed it, and the convent published it, heavily expurgated.

It was an unlikely start for a book which, in the last sixty years, has sold millions of copies.

Indeed, so popular has it become, so widespread its influence, that Therese was claimed by her Church as a saint only 28 years after her death. Now, for the first time, the story as Therese wrote it, has been published. Seven thousand alterations were needed to restore the original text. Ronald Knox translated the result into English.

Devout

Those who do not turn to the book for devotional purposes will open it in a mood of respectful curiosity.

Here is an account of an intense and happy family in North France, of a concentrated, almost obsessive, piety, of a life profoundly devout and touchingly short.

It is also the self-portrait of an extraordinarily sensitive person. A visit to Bologna at the age of 14 was completely spoiled for Therese because a student insisted on lifting her down from a train.

St Therese is not, perhaps, the conventional idea of a saint. But the fact remains that her story has fascinated and edited millions. And, after all, saints are notoriously uncomfortable beings. They are not made to please mortal tastes.

The *Story of the Springtime of a Little White Flower* is a human document of surpassing interest, both for what it reveals and for what it has accomplished.



HITLER'S YOUTH. By Franz Jetzinger. Hutchinson, 16s.

ON the first day Hitler entered Linz in Austria after the seizure of that country by his Nazis, he ordered a military service file relating to him to be found. Told that it was missing from the archives, he fell into one of his notorious rages. As late as 1948 the search for the document went on. In vain.

Dr Jetzinger had the file in a crate in his attic.

What did it contain? The proof that Hitler was posted as a deserter from the Austrian army in 1913. And that this, and not political contempt for the Austrian regime, was probably the reason he went to live in Munich.

This is perhaps the only interesting fact brought to light in what is otherwise an unnecessary record of the early life of a leader who grew up to become one of the most boring monsters in history.

—(London Express Services).

JAZZ COLUMN

IT'S THE MUSIC THAT COUNTS

By RAMSDEN GREIG

AS Ted Heath once said, with a disdainful glance at the long-haired, bearded, blue-jeaned section of the jazz scene: "A haircut, a shave or a good tailor never spoiled any musician's tone."

Witness Donald Christopher Barber. Here is clean-shaven jazz in a lounge suit and, clean collar.

In a voice that unaccountably makes the man sound Yorkshire-born and bred (he was in fact born in Welwyn Garden City), Chris Barber says: "There is no need to make a spectacle of yourself to play good jazz—or even to bring in the crowds. With the true jazz fan it is the music that counts."

For proof see the Barber band, balance sheets. A year's work can bring in £20,000 for this six-piece band. Even many of the big, 16-piece "pop" bands find difficulty in commanding that kind of money.

Has jazz found more devotees now that rock 'n' roll has lost its appeal?

"No," says Barber "because we've always shown a certain tolerance and called rock 'n' roll jazz fans. After all, rock is only watered-down jazz."

Donald Christopher Barber, voiced the man with the best small combination in British jazz today, has reached the top at the ripe old age of 28.

Way to top

Unlike most of the rock 'n' roll fraternity who found success if not exactly overnight at least after a whole week, Barber has been bushing his way to the top since he first applied himself to the trombone at the age of 17.

He says: "In jazz you must know how to play your instrument."

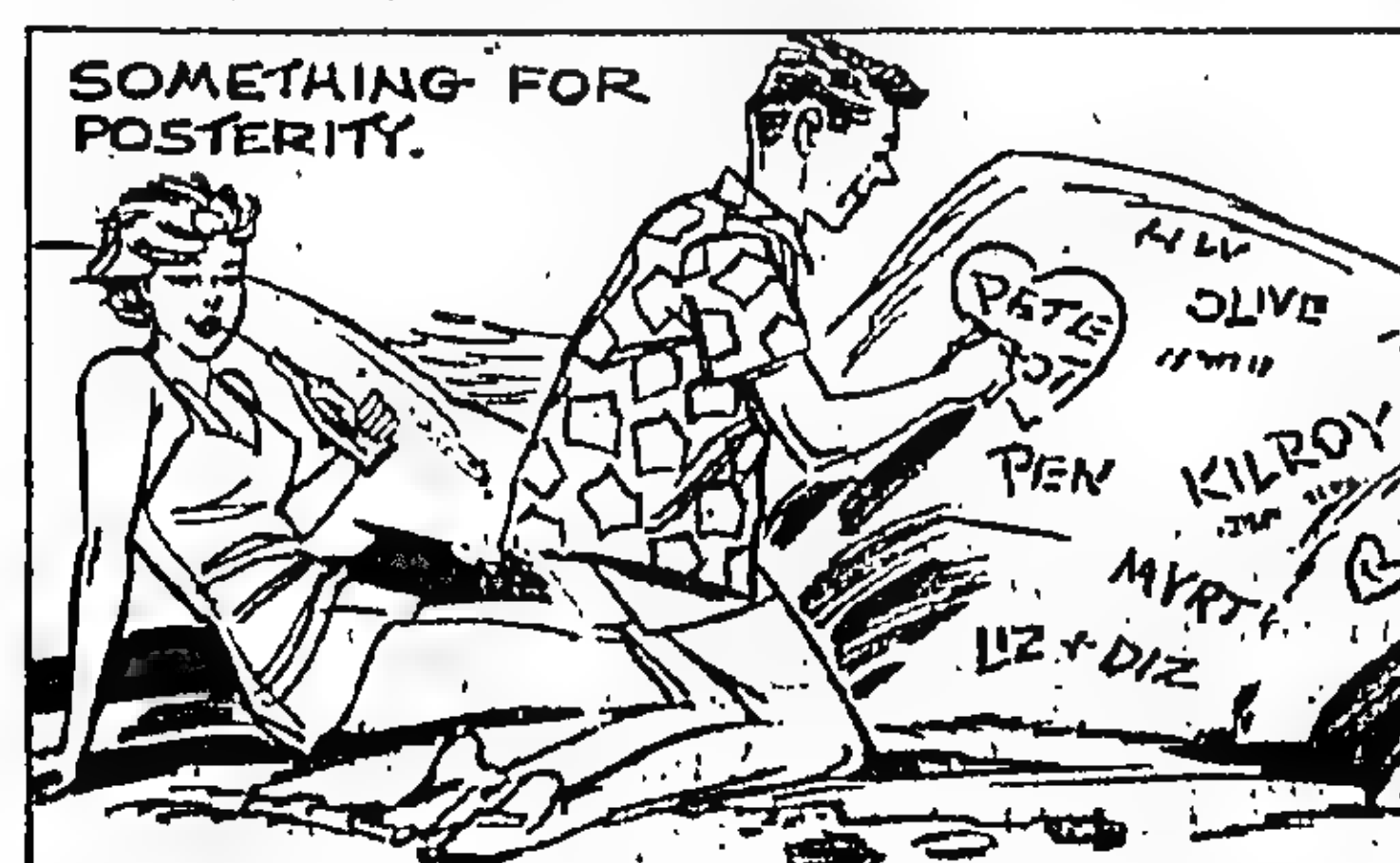
"I spent three years at the Guildhall School of Music, studying and playing in the school symphony orchestra."

The statement might shatter the peppy whistle virtues. But it is not so odd when you consider that the favourite piece of music of the late, great Fats Waller was *Alice With Me*—played with tears streaming down his face, on the organ.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Autograph Hunters

By Harry Weinert

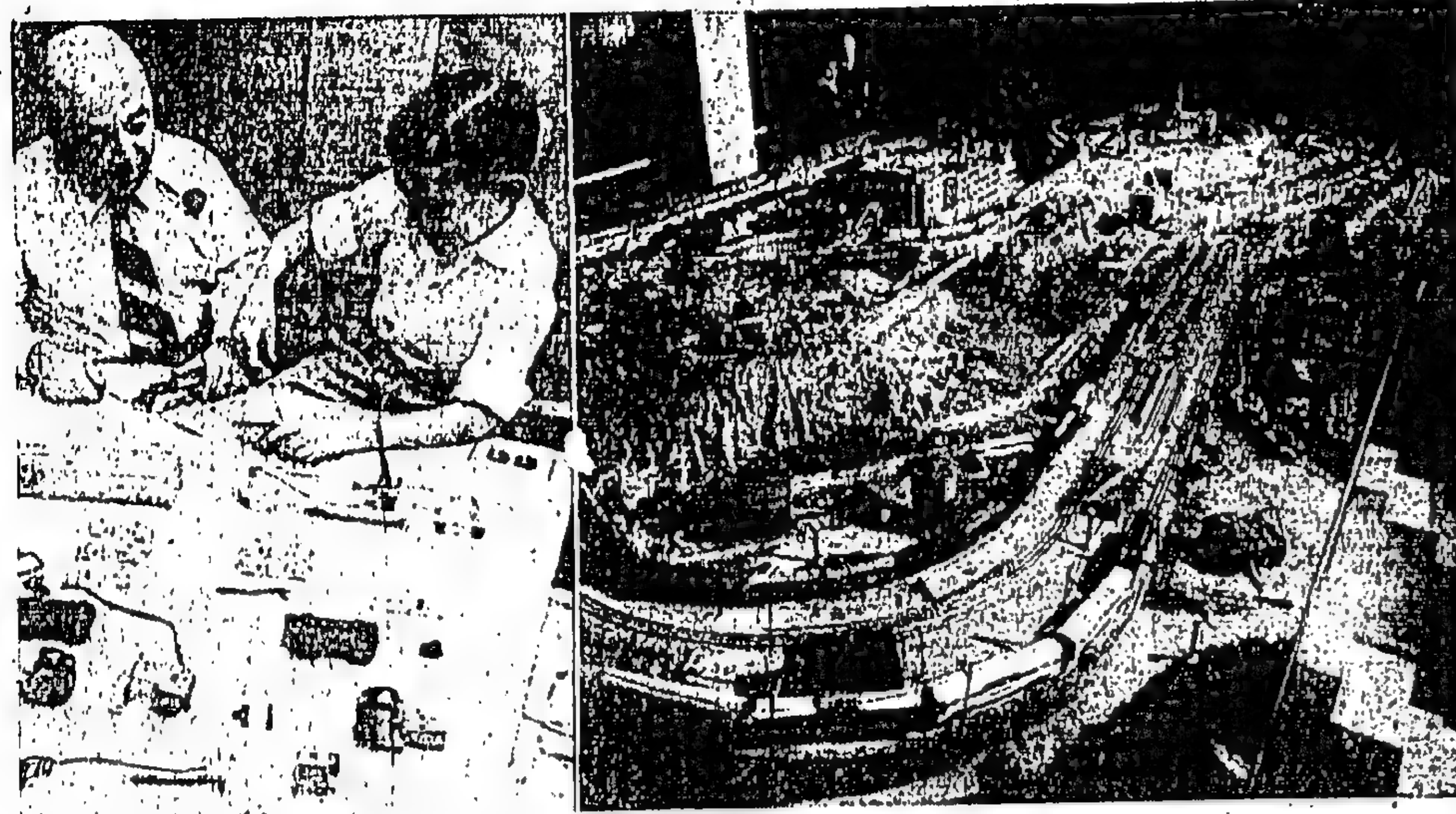




FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Boy Inspects Model Train Factory



ONE of the luckiest boys in the world is Jeffrey White of Newark, N. J. He had a tour of a toy train factory and watched the process from beginning to end. He even got a chance to operate the plush track layout in the factory on which the latest cars and locomotives are demonstrated. There is a rigid ban on visitors, especially during the busy season. But Jeff wrote

such an appealing letter that the Lionel company decided to make an exception of his case. So he spent the day going from one department to another watching the manufacturing process. On the left he is pictured looking at the unassembled parts of a locomotive. On the right he is shown at the controls of the model train system making the freights and passengers whiz.

MODEL RAILROADS THRILL THOUSANDS

By EMORY J. ANDERSON

YOUR new electric train whizzing around its oval track in the drawing room certainly does look like the real thing. But the true railroad model building fans go even further in their search for reality.

There are probably people, even in your own neighborhood, who work seriously at building train models. Perhaps

you've heard of HO scale model trains. Well, that's the scale the serious modeller works with when he sets about building scenery and scale model trains. The regular model trains you buy in the department store are O scale. That's 1/8 inch per foot of real train, the largest of the scales. The smallest of the popular sizes is the HO scale which is 3/16 millimeters per foot of real train. The HO scale is the most popular.

Between these two is another popular scale, S scale, which is 3/16 inch per foot of real train. The creed of the modeller is to have the train start from

something, and return to where it started. The place it goes doesn't have to be far away, just a few feet is often enough, but the serious modeller wants his train at least to stop at a station or unload something at a loading platform or drop a few cars on a siding.

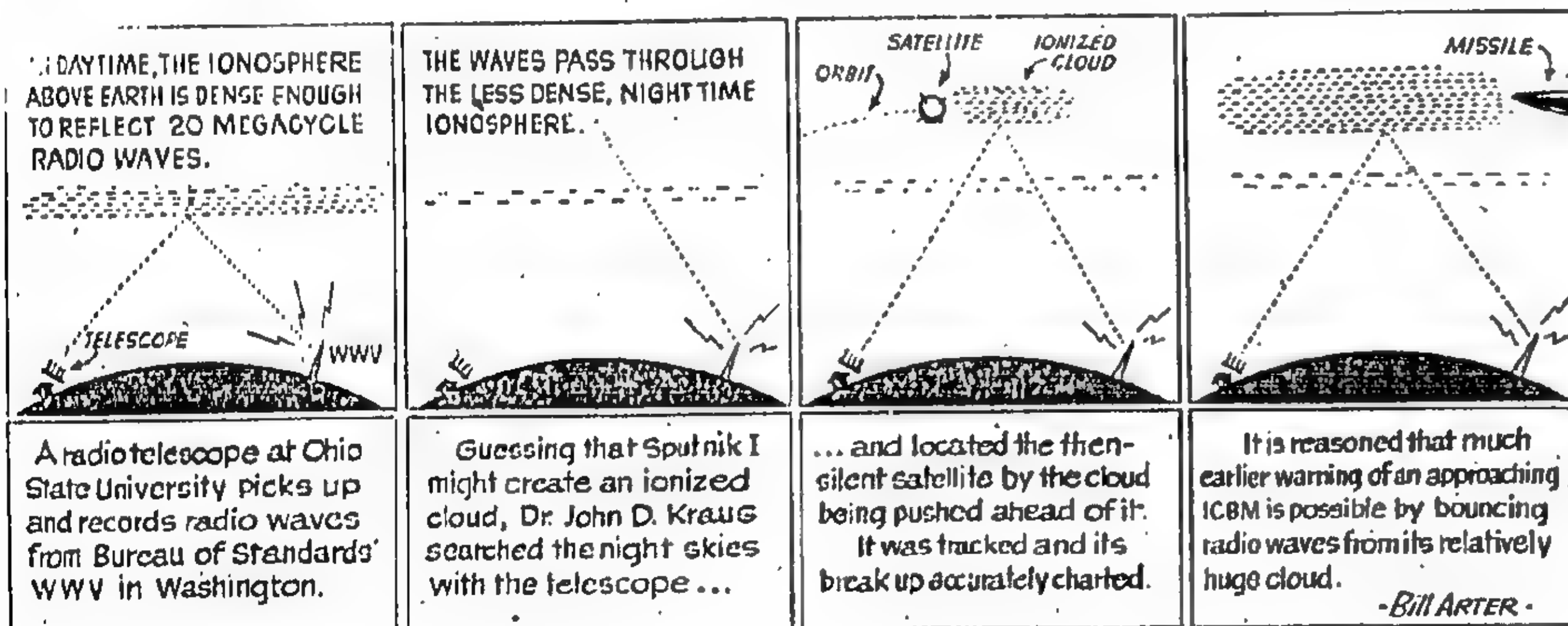
Building model trains in one of the smaller scales needn't be expensive, although people who want to can spend a great deal of money to achieve the proper scenic effects and build unusual cars or engines. There are several good magazines on the newsstands that

give detailed instruction and information on how to build different cars and engines as well as photographs of good scenic effects for which any modeller might want to strive.

There's a lot that a builder of model trains can do. Some modellers build factories, houses, bridges and landscape to show off their models to the best advantage. Still others build models of trains that now are history and in this way they preserve a bit of Americana.

So your train is just a peep for you at a hobby which thrills thousands of enthusiasts in America today.

ODD ACTIONS OF THE 'MOONS'

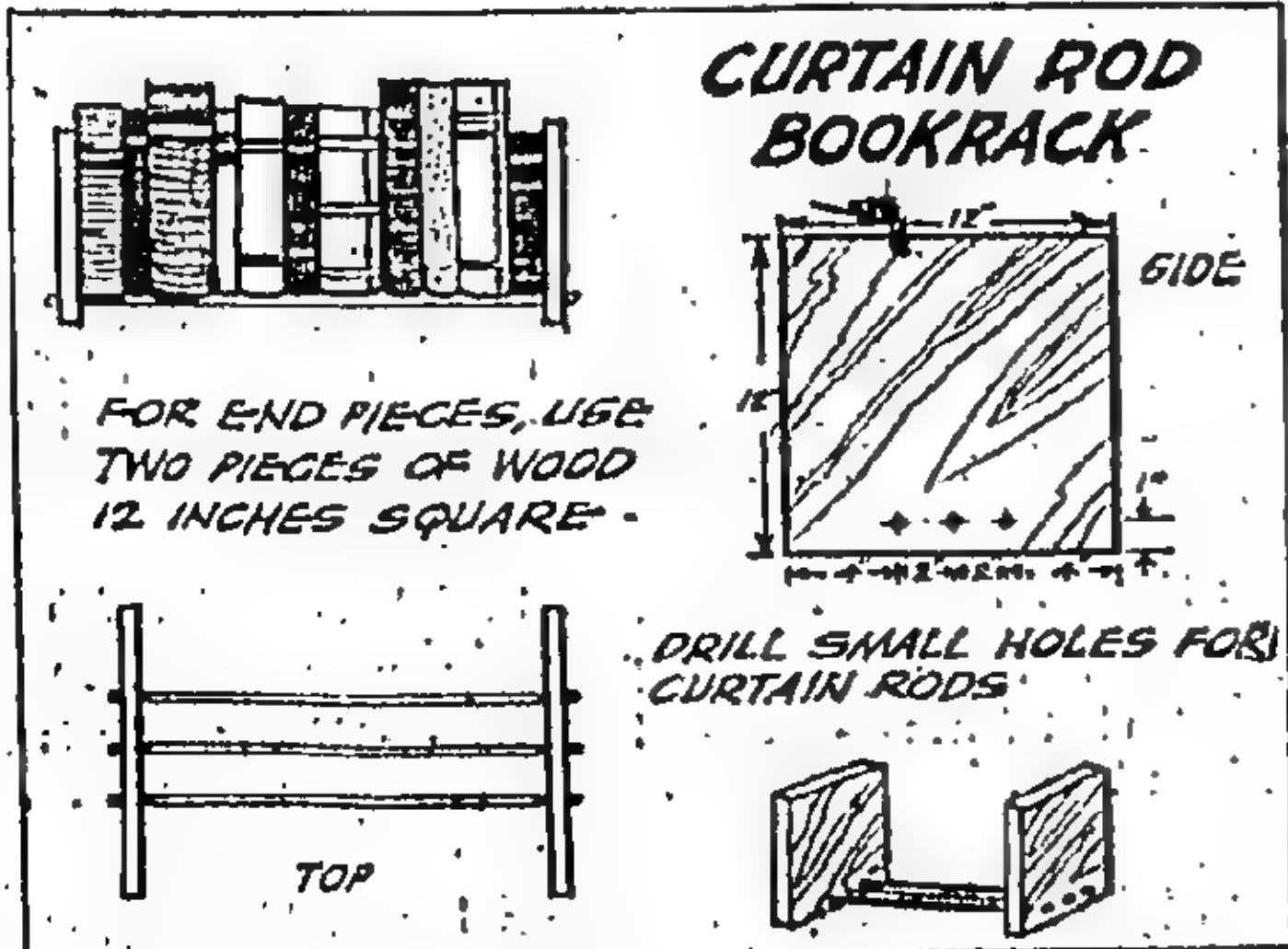


Rack 'Grows' As Books Are Added

By BESS RITTER

YOU really don't have to know much about carpentry in order to construct a neat looking bookrack for your desk from two squares of scrap wood and three snash type curtain rods—the very sort that are used for bathroom windows.

Each piece of wood should be sawed down to measure 12 inches square. Now three holes should be drilled into each one, measuring in one inch from one side. Centre the holes, and space them about two inches apart from each other. Be careful, however, not to make them too big. For you'll want to slip the curtain rods through them in a very tight wedge. If they're



loose and rather wobbly, reinforce them by winding tape around the rods, making sure this doesn't show.

Be careful, too, in the way that the rods are pushed through: You'll want the knob portion on the outside of each

piece of wood, and the actual lengths on the inside. Connect the rods and you'll have a U-shaped affair, as a result, with the three rods horizontal, in the middle, and the squares of wood vertical.

Set your books on the rods, and you'll find that the wood on each side will keep them upright. For a small number of volumes, keep the rods at their smallest. To accommodate more, just pull them out as required.

Decorate the wood with paint or stain, after sandpapering the cut edges until they are smooth. To make additional racks of this sort for your friends—who will really appreciate the telescoping feature—try other shapes for the wood, such as triangles (with the longest side, of course, facing the bottom) or, if you happen to be handy with a hacksaw, two half circles, again with the straight side, down.

Harpoons Still Useful In Fishing

THERE is an old fisherman's saying in New Bedford, Massachusetts that:

"A harpoon is like a bayonet. The one thing you can't do with it is sit on it."

The harpoon was once the pet symbol of New Bedford as the legendary weapon by which whales were killed.

Oddly enough, the legend of the harpoon as a death dealing tool was purely mythical.

The harpoon was merely the tool which "tied the whale to the boat." The weapon with which the whale was really killed was a four-foot knife called "the lance."

Today, harpoons in New Bedford are definitely not being "tied on." They have a new target, the mighty swordfish.

One New Bedford commercial fishing boat is converted every spring from dragging to sword-fishing.

"Conversion" consists of adding a long pulpit to the bow of the ship for the harpooner to



The swordfish hunt is exciting. The harpooner is equipped with a dozen harpoons, each fastened to a coloured leg. The harpooner spears the swordfish and throws the coloured leg overboard. "Sometimes things pop pretty fast," one swordfisherman said. "A couple of times I've seen nine coloured legs bouncing along the water, each one tied to a big swordfish."

When a swordfish is harpooned, a crewman goes overboard in a dory to follow the fish till it gives up the fight, then tow it back to the mother boat.

Towing the swordfish is in itself a sort of science. The main strategy lies in tying the fish rope around the swordfish's tail so the harpoon won't tear loose when the swordfish is hauled aboard.

Giddap Has Big News

—His Cousin Is Going To Help The Queen—

By MAX TRELL

THE clump, clump, clump of footsteps sounded on the street. It was very early in the morning. No one in the house was awake but Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name.

Hearing the footsteps, Knarf ran outside and stood on the pavement in front of the house.

A moment or two later, the Milkwagon Horse came around the corner, pulling the milkwagon (and the driver, the Milkman, too) after him.

The wagon stopped in front of a door.

Quick Talk

As soon as the Milkman had walked off to deliver bottles of milk to the houses along the street, Knarf went over to have a quick talk with the Milkwagon Horse.

"Good morning, Giddap," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Knarf," replied Giddap.

"I haven't seen you in a long time," said Knarf.

"You don't get up early enough," Giddap answered. "I'm here every morning, rain or shine."

"What's happened since the last time I saw you?" asked Knarf.

Hay and Oats

"Now let me see," said Giddap. "Prancer isn't the only horse out there. I've walked through a lot of streets in this town. I've watched the Milkman put bottles of milk in front of lots of houses."

"Is that all that happened?" Knarf asked.

The Milkwagon Horse was silent for a minute.

"No! Something else happened. I almost forgot," said Giddap.

Knarf waited to hear.

"A cousin of mine," Giddap told him, "went to England."

"Really?" asked Knarf.

"What's he going to do in England?"

"He's going to London," said Giddap. "He's going to help the Queen."



Knarf watched Giddap pull the wagon down the street.

Beautiful Horse

"Now, my cousin's name," said the Milkwagon Horse, "is Prancer. He's a beautiful-looking horse."

"But how is he going to help the Queen?" Knarf asked impatiently.

"In this way," replied Giddap, the Milkwagon Horse. "He's going to pull the Queen's coach when she goes riding through London."

Knarf was surprised.

"Doesn't the Queen have an automobile?"

"I'm sure she does," answered the Milkwagon Horse, "but she likes to ride in a coach, too. I've been told that the Queen has dozens of beautiful coaches—some large, some small, some painted brown, some painted black and some with windows, some with places for coachmen and footmen. But my cousin, Prancer, is pulling the most beautiful coach of all."

"What kind is it?" asked Knarf.

Gilded Coach

"It's all gilded in gold! But Prancer isn't the only horse that pulls it, of course. Sometimes there are six or eight or ten or maybe more horses, all pulling together to pull it."

"That's wonderful!" said Knarf.

"Crowds of people cheer when my cousin, Prancer, and the Queen go galloping by."

"I wish I could see them," said Knarf.

"So do I," said Giddap, the Milkwagon Horse, as the Milkman returned. And the Milkwagon went rolling down the street and Giddap's footsteps went clump, clump, clump in the early morning.

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

TUNISIAN REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four facts about Tunisia in his rebus. You can find them if you use the words and pictures correctly.

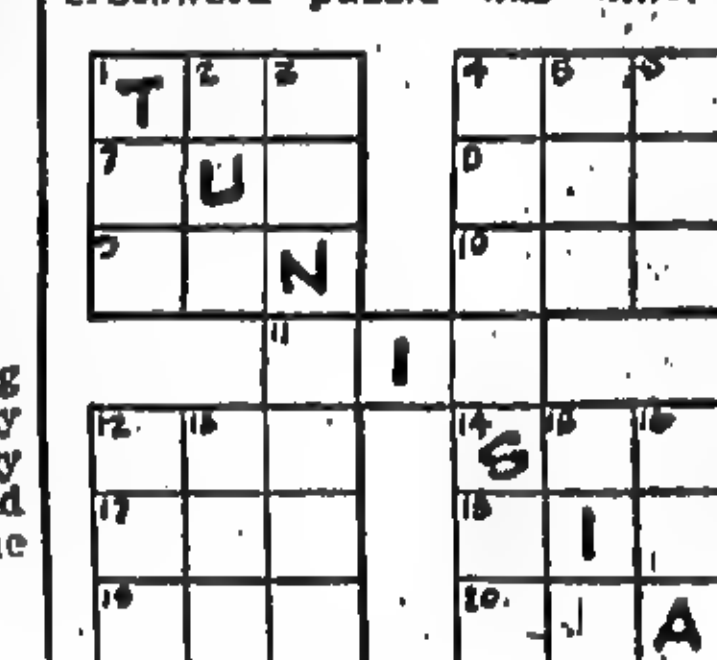


SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete out by setting him straight on his sentence about Tunisia: former was sovereign 1956. French a in Tunisia, state proclaimed protectorate

CROSSWORD

Curiousist Cal thought he would letter in TUNISIA to give you some help with the crossword puzzle this time:



ACROSS

- 1 Transposed (ab.)
- 4 Female rabbit
- 7 Regret
- 8 Conductor
- 9 Girl's name
- 10 Golf mound
- 11 Expire
- 12 Observe
- 14 Seaport (ab.)
- 15 Sailor
- 16 Elms
- 19 Years (ab.)
- 20 Body of water

DOWN

- 1 Tin coin of Malaya
- 2 Operate
- 3 Dispatchers
- 4 Hates
- 5 Individual
- 6 Dutch city
- 12 Pippen
- 13 Organ of hearing
- 15 Pastry
- 16 Beverage

MIRROR WORK

Use a mirror (or read backward) to find the three facts about Tunisia. Puzzle Pete has concealed in these strange lines!

SLIOS ELITREB
ETATIS VIABTRAB
SMELSON

DIAMOND

TUNISIA is the centre of Puzzle-Pete's word-diamond. The second word is "a young dog", third "pertains to punishment", fifth is "a sticky substance", and sixth, "a falsehood."



(Solutions on Page 20)

ZOO'S WHO



Rupert and Floppity—43



CONCLUDING THE BIG SERIAL SUCCESS...

The Summing-up

I dedicate my story to the racehorse, to all racehorses, without whom I should never have known so many people in so many lands. Thanks for the ride.



by
Rae
Johnstone

appearance — as a full-time jockey.

I did not want to say at the time why I was retiring because it would have looked like crying. And I certainly had nothing to cry about. And I did not want anybody weeping any genuine, or crocodile, tears over me either.

My last ride was an old friend, Midget. Maybe, had I been riding with maximum confidence, I would have won. Maybe I would have held her up that little bit longer instead of inching to the front a furlong from home and then getting beaten a neck in the Prix de la Porte Maillot. But I had not been going well enough to be enjoying maximum confidence. And that, as I have said before, is what a jockey needs so much.

"Thank you"

To those that have given it me, I want particularly to say "Thank you."

I had only announced my intention of retiring to two people. And it was a lonely sensation, after 37 years of being wrapped up in the riding game, walking off the racecourse before the end of the Longchamp programme, for the last time as a jockey.

The following month I flew home to see my mother; setting off from London Airport and looking down a short way out, on an unmistakably familiar scene—Epsom racecourse.

Maybe, one day, I would train a horse to run there for the greatest race in the world. Meanwhile, with a deep sense of gratitude to all the friends who have supported me, I dedicate my story to the racehorse, without whom I should never have known so many people in so many lands. Thanks for the ride. And to you, thanks for coming along to it.

THE END

● The Rae Johnstone Story will be published later this year by Stanley Paul and Co.

ROUND-UP

NEW SCHOOLS

SOME 2,000 Yorkshire children are moving into seven new schools in North Riding after the summer holidays. The schools have cost more than £100,000. Among them is a Secondary school at Skelton, a Grammar School at Pickering. Modern schools at Bedale, Brompton, Thornaby and Malton and a school for educationally sub-normal children from the Cleveland area at Kirkcubbin.

MUSICAL MARATHON

KNOWN as "Musical Marie," Mrs. Marie Ashton, 40, of Manchester, has just achieved what is claimed to be a world record in playing the piano. At a Blyth theatre she played continuously for 133 hours. This beat her previous record of 131 hours. About 21,000 people visited the theatre during the musical marathon.

WOMAN DETECTIVE

POLICEWOMAN Florence Coates, stationed at Darlington, an ex-W.A.A.F. and nurse, is the first woman detective to be appointed by the Durham County Police. Miss Coates, whose home is at Easton, says being a policewoman is "an ideal job for a woman if she is not afraid of risks and has a sense of humour. The unknown appeals to me."

1,700-MILE WALK

FOR a pint of beer, teaching student, Bob Reid, 22, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, has hitch-hiked 1,700 miles. His rival was Derek Hadman, 21, a fellow student. The wager was who could travel the farthest in three days with only 1s. In their possession, Bob reached Leamington, north of Ullapool, Scotland then returned to Oundle where he discovered he had travelled 100 miles farther than Derek, who had reached Inverness.

HISTORIC STANDARD

HIDDEN during the last war from the Germans, the 32-year-old standard of Boulogne British Legion was laid up in Folkestone Parish Church on August 31 during the town's French Week. It was replaced by a silver standard presented by the Folkestone branch and its women's section and dedicated as an open-air service at which the salute was taken by the national president, Major-General Sir Richard Howard-Vyse.

"HAMS"

A MATUR radio operators in Suffolk are setting up their own network to transmit urgent messages after serious crashes or in other emergencies. The decision follows a recent Red Cross exercise in which officials found it took them half an hour to reach four vital contacts by telephone. The radio network is being run by nine amateurs in the Ipswich, Suffolk district. They include farmers, a printer, and a Royal Air Force corporal. A farm vehicle has been turned into a mobile transmitter.

SWIMMING

THOUSANDS of miles out at sea scores of youngsters have taken their first lesson in swimming—in the swimming pool of the 22,000-ton liner, Strathmore. Swimming pool attendant Brian Roberts, 32, of Worthing, Sussex, has taught 85 children to swim since he joined the liner. He took the job to escape the hot galley in which he worked as a kitchen hand. Whenever the liner docks in Australia, where she runs regularly, children he has taught often come down to see him again.

FLOATING BOTTLE

THREE children from Beverwyk, Holland, Terry Johns, 18, Paul, 14, and Pete, 13, are spending two weeks at Ipswich, Suffolk, as a result of a message in a lemonade bottle that drifted for 240 miles after being dropped from a rowing boat off Fellslowe. The bottle, discovered near their home by the children's father, a motor mechanic, was put into the sea by John Baxenden, 14, of Coleridge Road, Ipswich. The two families became pen friends as a result. Mr. Baxenden, an electrician, says his family hope to make a return visit next summer.

CAT CONGRESS

THIS month London is holding its first Cat Congress. On the agenda for discussion are such subjects as "minimum family rights for cats," a cat's life in a vegetarian home, and the problems facing a cat who must move as a result of the Rent Act. Sponsored by the London Committee of the Cats' Protection League, the Congress is being held in Westminster.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE

had not been my year. And my first ride of 1956 on March 14 looked like setting the tempo for the new season—however far I went with it—when Va Longtemps finished last of five at Le Tremblay.

In just under a month's time I would be 51, an age which could not be expected to promote competitive patronage, and I did not want to flake out like a damp squib after a not unlucky career.

I was, in fact, in a mood for retirement when Peter O'Sullivan and I dined together in Paris that evening after racing at Tremblay. Peter had been a stable touring for the Daily Express and was wrapped up in a coil of M. Wertheimer's called Lavandin.

"I wish you were riding him this season," said Peter, who had been insisting that good rides would materialise if I kept going.

As I drove Peter back to the Rue Cambon and we pulled up at his hotel, so M. Wertheimer stepped out.

A drink was proposed. We talked for long of old times—it was several years since a contract had existed between us. And we talked a little of Lavandin. "Ah, that is my pet," said M. Wertheimer. And Peter murmured afterwards words to the effect that it was a pity I was no longer his pet, too.

In his book, Johnstone tells of a series of dramatic events that led to Alec Head nominating him for the ride on Lavandin in the Derby.

Off form

Since I have previously remarked on the value of being in form, you will appreciate that on arrival in England for Derby week, with a losing sequence in France of 61, I was not exactly buoyant.

For those closely associated with a horse who carries such high hopes, the nearer you get to the event, the more does confidence tend to weaken.

So that by the time Alec, Peter, "Quinney" Glibbey, and I met for dinner on Monday evening—two days before the Derby—we were each trying to maintain the other's leaking confidence.

Alec, of course, endured the greater strain. A race-writer wants to select the right horse in his paper. A jockey wants to ride the winner. But for the trainer "the day" represents the culminating point in many months of carefully practised skill, keen observation, and persistent worry. And in this instance peculiar circumstances heightened the tension for Alec one hundredfold.

"We shall need a larger table on Wednesday night," Peter told the maitre d'hotel at the Mirabelle. But none of us really believed it. And it was only a few hours later that three of us became reasonably convinced that there would be no grounds for celebration on the night of Wednesday, June 6.

I was to meet Alec at Epsom at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning. I imagined that the plan would be to run Lavandin round the turn and, maybe, sprint him up a little.

Peter and I arrived early on the downs, on a cold, drizzling morning, no as to see other Derby horses who would be working. Most of them were sent round Tattenham Corner at a good clip, and Pirate King, being led by the year older Gesture, took it with impressive efficiency.

Weakness

I was surprised when Alec said: "All I want you to do is to enter a steady seven furlongs on the outside behind the lead horse, Bulsson Ardent will follow you."

So we took a gentle cruise, as if we were in Hyde Park's Rotten Row, eased up passing the stands and jogged on down to the paddock. And here it happened.

Alec and Peter had driven round on the inside car track to meet us. I jumped down, alighted the reins over Lavandin's head, and the three of us saw him distinctly "prop" as he bent to pick grass.

Alec's face then showed for a fleeting instant what those bandages were for. And they were not simply for protective purposes, but to sustain a weakness.

ness which the firm ground may have revealed already.

"Walk him round, Perkins," said Alec to his head lad. Then he went over to Bulsson Ardent, to whom Roger Poincelot had been switched. How typical of the game it would be, I couldn't help reflecting. If the stable's other runner turned out to be the best of all.

Peter and I drove down to a café in Epsom for a cup of coffee. Maybe it wasn't the café's fault that it didn't taste so good. We didn't say anything much. But it looked like the end of a fairy tale all right.

That afternoon a much-fancied two-year-old whom Alec had brought over, Mehdi, ridden by Roger Poincelot, was beaten half a length in the Woodcote Stakes by Mansbridge.

The defeat obviously bore no relationship to Lavandin's Derby prospects. But somehow it was not a good omen.

And so to "the day."

A break

Cold, driving rain chilled and soaked us as we waited to mount in the paddock, and later throughout the parade. But it had not affected the ground and it rode pretty firm.

Going up the hill in the rain, with divots skinned from the top surface flying up from the front tankers, I was more concerned with getting a good position at the mile post than with studying the position of the others.

There were, I estimated, at least seven strung out ahead of me when I got a lucky break at the top of the hill, went through on the "inner," and

So we took a gentle cruise, as if we were in Hyde Park's Rotten Row, eased up passing the stands and jogged on down to the paddock. And here it happened.

Alec and Peter had driven round on the inside car track to meet us. I jumped down, alighted the reins over Lavandin's head, and the three of us saw him distinctly "prop" as he bent to pick grass.

Alec's face then showed for a fleeting instant what those bandages were for. And they were not simply for protective purposes, but to sustain a weakness.

gained a couple of places on the descent. But, although I had not sought any effort, we were still a long way back.

Pirate King was a good eight lengths ahead of me. Just all right if we were good enough and I was beginning to think, maybe, yes. Then through the rain, now driving across our near side, I saw that Pirate King was not in front. He was being led some five lengths by Monterey!

This was where we went. It is a matter of course, I am told, for a winning jockey to say that he always thought he was going to win. In which case I shall be conforming to pattern when I say that, from the moment we entered the straight, that was how I felt.

All ready

For once I "picked him up" he levelled out and used himself with courage and zest, so that steadily Lavandin surged up to the leaders. A weakening Pirate King left Monterey a long way clear, but with two furlongs to go Rolstar had collared him—though his maximum effort had been expended in doing so.

My fellow was moving rhythmically, ready, thoroughbred-like, to pull out every stop. But I only had to keep him going as he was, and inside the last furlong (having struck the front 200 yards previously) I must admit I was already thinking of his future, and suffering him not to strike the ground too hard when further effort was needless.

I sensed a horse (Montval, it was) coming at us in the last few yards when I was already easing Lavandin down. In fact there was a "photo-finish" but

'Head-Shrinkers'

(OR, MORE PROPERLY, PSYCHOLOGISTS)

Hand Out The Jobs!

by SARAH ROTHCHILD

DO you often get pink spots all over? Do you share a room with your wife? Is your father a tyrant?

If you overheard these questions you might think you had strayed into one of the more embarrassing television quiz programmes.

But you would be wrong. For these are the type of questions being asked by big business firms of their future employees.

QUESTIONS based on the American system of trial by psychological tests.

CHEATS

QUESTIONS on whose answers depend the careers of the future leaders of big business in Britain.

A psychologist explained to me the purpose of the tests. "We don't want to find out whether the train under consideration knows when the Roman Empire declined or the crow of the Boer-war in 1897. We just want to find out whether a candidate is quick on the uptake."

"Quick on the uptake," as far as big business is concerned, means knowing how to cheat the company psychologist.

And nearly all the big business firms, I.C.I., Shell, Unilever, B.P. and J. Walter Thompson, have their resident psychologists.

"It's not really very difficult," a young man in Shell told me. "At my interview I was asked 'How do you see yourself in 15 years' time?' Of course I did not answer 'Smoking a cigar in the boardroom,' but 'In an executive job earning £23,000 a year.'"

Other questions were—

HIS CODE

"WHAT was the last book you read?" "It's best," the Shell man told me, "to say an historical novel or biography—never Ovid or anything highbrow."

AND: "If you were lost up the River Niger in Africa how would you spend your spare time?" "I replied, 'Playing gramophone records,'" said the Shell man. The examiners were satisfied. He got the job.

Another expert on how to cheat the Psychologists is American William H. Whyte. His advice is: "When in doubt, repeat to yourself— I LOVE my father and mother, but my father a little bit more."

I LIKE things pretty well as they are. I NEVER worry much about anything. I DON'T care for books or music much. I LOVE my wife and children. I DON'T let them interfere with my work.

Many of the tests are aimed at testing the candidates' "normality." There is no place for the odd genius or eccentric in big business.

For instance, at one stage in Unilever's tests there is a "group discussion," in which candidates have to choose and discuss a topic. At one test they chose: Do Army officers make good managers? They rejected one on Ballet in Britain.

At another stage the aspiring business men sit in a semi-circle with the selectors ranged behind their chairs. Each candidate has to tell his life story in two minutes.

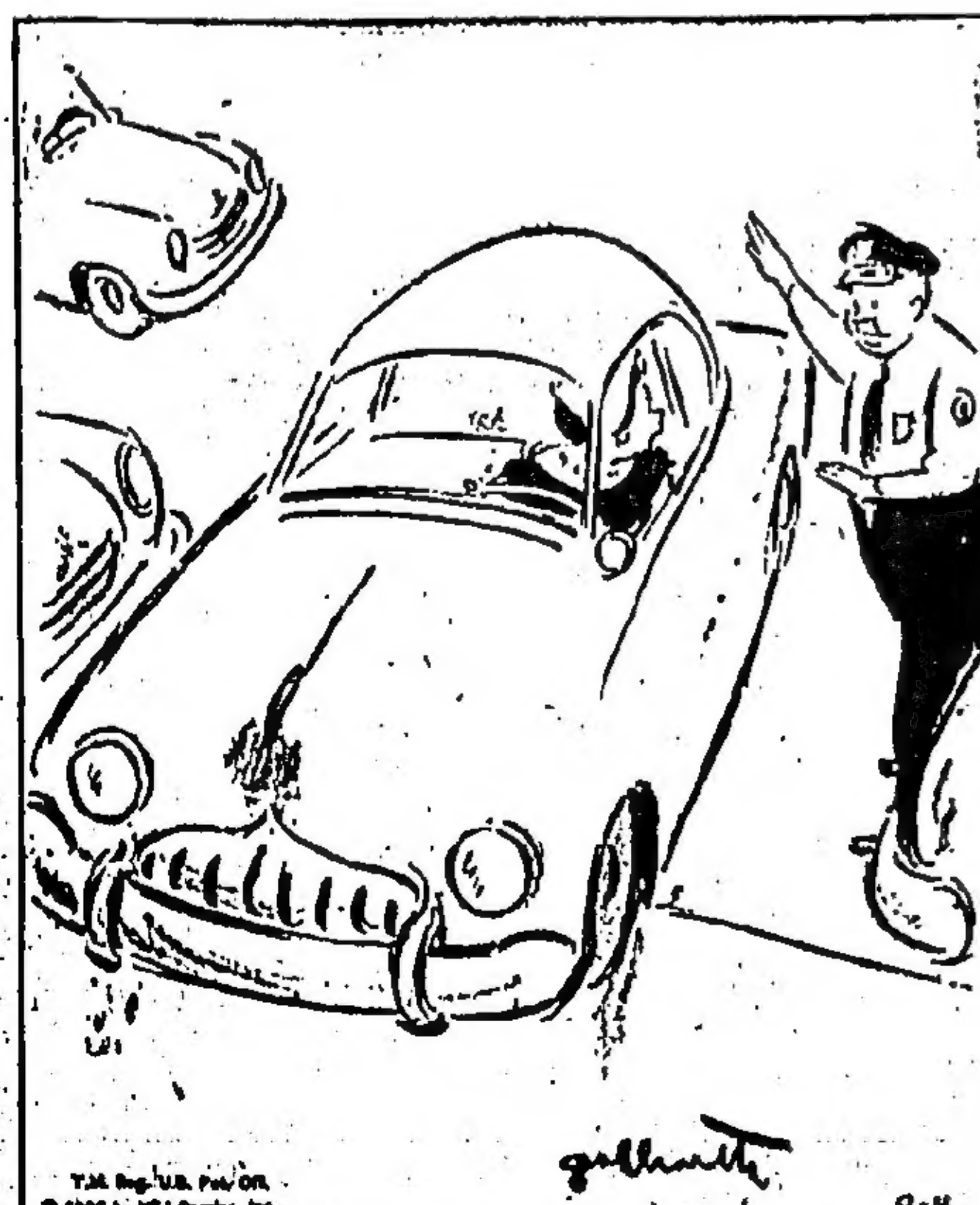
Then comes the group task. The candidates have to pretend to be a board of directors arguing a tricky problem arising from a clash of personalities in their company.

Big-business methods have changed in the last years. "In those days," said an old-timer at Unilever nostalgically, "we just sent in a formal application to join the firm, our handwriting was examined—they were very keen on calligraphy in those days—and we had to do a few sums."

"Now the tests are just like the ones they give in the Army to test leadership—except we don't have to jump over ditches."

I very much doubt whether those industrial "wizards" Rockefeller (whose advice to business men was "Never be a jolly good fellow" or Henry Ford (who said "History is bunk") could pass the tests given to today's aspiring business men of today. The psychologists would probably reject them as being "maladjusted" or "lacking in potential leadership qualities."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Now don't ask me to do something foolish—like backing up!"

GREAT WAY TO KEEP GOING! HAVE THIS
quick, refreshing lift!



Nothing does it
like Seven-Up!



MEN WHO CHANGED SPORT

Zatopek—Synonym For Singlemindedness

By DEREK JOHN

A slim, prematurely balding young man looked on with amused interest while his work-mates from a shoe factory at Zlín in Northern Moravia performed athletic feats at one of their regular sports meetings. He had never been keen on physical exercise, but he had no objection to watching others who were. Under pressure from his superiors, the young man reluctantly agreed to take part in one of the long-distance races. He surprised everyone—himself included by finishing second.

This was the start of one of the most glorious careers in the annals of athletics. For the young man was Emil Zatopek, four times Olympic Gold Medalist, whose "Iron Man" tactics have revolutionised long-distance running.

Thought Him Mad

Today, Zatopek's gruelling method of training is employed by athletes everywhere. But coaching experts were dumfounded when Zatopek first revealed the secret of his success. Zatopek's training method was to run in lots of clothes—so as

to get really hot—and carry on until almost exhausted. When he announced that he ran between 20 and 30 miles a day—mainly at racing speed—experts thought him mad.

No one believed Zatopek's trail-blazing frame could stand that kind of treatment. "He's a freak... he'll kill himself... no one can do that kind of thing and survive... he must be abnormal," they said.

Zatopek listened, but refused to be drawn into arguments. His method of training suited him. Let others do as they pleased.

Then in 1946, shortly after joining the Czechoslovakian army, Zatopek ran second in Britain's Silver Wednesday in an epic 5,000-metres final at the European Championships in Oslo. Everyone sat up and took notice.

Zatopek was born on September 12, 1922—the same day as his wife Dana, who won the Gold Medal for javelin throwing at the 1952 Helsinki Olympics. The year Zatopek scored his incredible hat-trick of top Olympic honours.

Debut At 19

His father was a carpenter in the little town of Koprivnice, Northern Moravia. Zatopek wanted to be a schoolmaster, but hard times forced him into the shoe factory at Zlín. It was 19 when he made his debut in athletics at the factory's sports outing.

"At first, progress was slow," Zatopek recalled in one of his rare reminiscence moods. "The only way I could make my body stand up to the strain of running

at speed was to train as hard as possible." From the start Zatopek worked hard at his training. He had no natural talent for running. His awkward style on the track gave onlookers the impression he was in excruciating pain. Yet, despite his agonised style, Zatopek, in 17 years of athletic triumph, won four Olympic titles—and rewrote the world's record books.

First Major Success

Zatopek's first major success was in the 1948 London Olympics, when he won the 10,000-metres title. In the 1952 Helsinki Games, Zatopek won the 5,000-metres, 10,000-metres and marathon events—all within seven days, and all in record times.

His records for 15-miles, 25,000-metres and 30,000-metres—and for one-hour's running—still stand. (In the one-hour endurance trial, Zatopek covered a distance of 12 miles 810 yards.) Many of Zatopek's records have since been broken, but his name will always have a place in the history of athletics.

In his spectacular career, Zatopek beat all-comers—and set world records that, at the time, seemed fantastic. He was persuaded against his better judgment to take part in the Melbourne Olympics in 1956. Zatopek ran in the marathon event, but could only finish a gallant sixth.

For several months before the Games Zatopek had been in ill health. A recent hernia operation had interrupted his training. Zatopek wanted to retire. "I cannot go on running until I drop dead," he wrote angrily in a Czechoslovakian sports journal. But he went to Melbourne just the same.

Triumphant Exit

Log-weary and athletically jaded, Zatopek nevertheless made a triumphant exit from sport. In his inimitable style, Zatopek, then 35, took on and beat the cream of Europe's cross-country runners at San Sebastian, in January this year. A few months later he finally retired.

Zatopek's rigorous training methods gained him a unique place in the history of international athletics. His name gave the Czech language a new adjective—Zatopekovsky. It means: persistence, endurance, and singlemindedness.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

BASSEY NOW PUTTING ON THE STYLE

Hogan Bassey, M.B.E., is putting on the style. As Britain's only world boxing champion he has just gone to America where the aim is to punch his way to a No. 1 television personality. And in Sugar Ray Robinson fashion King Bassey has taken his own retinue, consisting of wife Maria, three-year-old son Hogan Junior and six-month-old Richard. Manager George Biddle and his wife complete the party. Bassey will be in America for six months. With two

defences of his featherweight title planned plus a series of other fights he has the chance of earning close on £100,000.

And this was the fighter whom British promoters wrote off as a crowd-puller! As Empire champion he was offered less than £500 to defend his title. For a non-title bout he was paid less than £150.

And British boxing hardly abounded with box-office stars that crowded Bassey out.



SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which events did Z. Kryzskowski win in the recent European Championships?
2. What record did Geoffrey Evans set up in the fifth Test against New Zealand?
3. Whose record did he beat?
4. What game would you play on a crown green?
5. Where would you see a "Mary Ann" delivered by a "Bunch of Fives"?
6. Name the managers of these football clubs: Wolves, Tottenham, Chelsea, and Nottingham Forest?
7. Who captains these cricket counties: Essex, Northants, Somerset and Kent?
8. What does the 'C' stand for on Miller Herb Elliott's running vest?
9. Which race is the longest, the Derby, the 2,000 Guineas or the Grand National?
10. "One time professional boxer" has made a record-breaking number of appearances for England in another sport... a jewellery expert. What's the name?

(Answers on Page 19)



DAVID JACK... THE INSIDE

Already 1958-59 Season Promises To Be Real 'Stinker'

AFTER just one week of A Soccer, this 1958-59 season already promises to be the "stinker" of all time! Gloomy news, that, for the fans... but at least THEY are ready to face the truth, even if most of the League clubs are content to wallow in complacency.

I've already been "reprimanded" by Leeds United director Percy Woodward for suggesting that his club would be struggling this season; but after seeing Leeds play Luton Town, I'm certain the Yorkshire club are not playing soccer of First Division standard.

I was also at Goodison Park when Everton, once the pride of Lancashire, served up a fifth-rate display against Preston North End. Everton supporters were in an ugly mood at the end of the game, and as much as I deplore these periodic Merseyside outbursts, who would blame them for showing their disappointment?

IT'S SERIOUS

As one of the greatest men in football said to me afterwards: "Our standards must have slumped badly if this is First Division stuff." Leeds United and Everton are not the only poor teams in the First Division. Reports from Leicester City, Newcastle United, Portsmouth, and other places suggest there are many more bad teams than good ones. Even Wolves, watched against West Ham United by a visiting manager, were described as "A load of rubbish."

Make no mistake—the situation is serious. ATTENDANCES WILL FALL DISASTROUSLY UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE.

Listen to Huddersfield Town boss Bill Shankly. "Young

lads refuse to come south from Scotland; the North-East has been worked dry of talent, and the shortage of youngsters in Yorkshire means that clubs like Huddersfield and Leeds often take the field without a single local in the team. In other words, three big recruiting areas are now barren.

"Boys don't want to play soccer professionally. They're better educated these days than before the war, and although conditions have improved for players, the game is still not attractive enough to tempt them away from industry."

Only the Football League, who control wages, can lift Soccer out of the rut. Let them scrap their maximum wage. Let them offer something to compete with the high wages and pensionable security that other jobs provide. Let them make professional football a real profession... which it never has been!

Time is not on our side. Mob reaction will not be confined to Goodison Park. It's bound to spread through the country unless the fans get what they pay to see... GOOD FOOTBALLERS AND GOOD FOOTBALL TEAMS.

MOVE WANTED

TOM FINNEY will probably have a serious chat with Preston manager Cliff Britton next week, if he's still playing on the left-wing. Tom makes no secret of the fact that he dislikes the position, although he's

filled in at the moment while regular outside-left Sammy Taylor recovers from an attack of shingles. Finney fears he may be regarded as a permanent left-winger.

CHRISTMAS BOX? EARLY yet to think about Christmas presents—but Everton are expecting one from Cyprus. Their costly international full-back Alex Paterson is due in the 1st December from Army service in the troubled island. He should be in good condition to face the Goodison grumblers.

★ WHEN Leeds United centre-half John Charlton mis-

kicked, a war in the Eland Road stand showed: "Go and have some lessons from your brother Bobby." A fair-haired youngster looked round and smiled. The youngster was... brother Bobby!

PROBLEM

IRELAND'S international soccer selectors have started a concentrated search for a team capable of licking England at Windsor Park on October 4. No. 1 headache is the centre-forward job. Six different leaders have played in Ireland's last 11 games.

I'm told the player most likely to line up against Billy Wright is Aston Villa winger Peter McParland. Who would fill the gap on the left-wing? Well, Charlie Tully is playing some great stuff for Celtic.

STAN'S SUCCESSOR?

STANLEY MATTHEWS obviously can't go on for ever (more's the pity), and that's why Backpool manager Ron Suart is keeping a close tag on promising young wingers.

Last week he watched 16-year-old Derek Stokes of Bradford City, and Stokes' display confirmed the "good opinion Suart had of him while he was managing Southgate.

WEEK-END LAWN BOWLS

One League, Two Open C'ship Titles To Be Decided This Week-End

By ROBERT TAY

One more league title, and two more Colony Open Championship events will be decided this week-end, as the local lawn bowls season fast approaches its close.

On Sunday, the final and deciding second division league match between Filipino Club "B" and Indian Recreation Club will be played off at the Filipino Club green starting at 4 p.m.

The Filipinos are at present two points ahead of the Indians and are well in the lead in shots for. To win the championship the Indians must win by at least a 4-1 margin.

In their first encounter, the Filipino Club won by 3-2 largely through the efforts of J. A. S. Curran's forte who carried the side through with a 30-0 win over S. Buck's four.

VERY CLOSE ONE

Sunday's match should be a very close one with the odds 50-50 for the Indians to take four points from their rivals.

Tomorrow will also see the final of the Colony Open Ladies' Singles and Colony Open Men's Triples events. In the former match, to be played at Hongkong Cricket Club at 4 p.m., title-holder Mrs Selina Silva will take on her club-mate Miss Helen Kwong. Both bowlers are capable of producing top class bowls when in the mood, and with both being about equal in standard, much will depend on the day's form—Selina with her drawing and Helen with her rolling shots.

The Men's Triples final, to be played at Kowloon Bowling Green Club also at 4 p.m. will feature an interesting battle between this year's "dark-horse" combination of C. F.

Rozario, A. A. Remedios, Jr and A. A. Remedios, Sr and the reputed KCC three of D. C. Symons, Jack Chubb and T. E. Baker.

The two youngsters, Rozario and Remedios, Jr, have been playing some very good bowls in this tournament so far, and if they can reproduce the same form tomorrow, the KCC three may be in for a hectic time, although the odds are slightly in their favour.

OTHER MATCHES

Other Open Championship matches this week-end are:—

TODAY
Men's Singles semi-final
At HKCC: A. K. Minu (IRC) v. C. Gough (PRC).

Men's Triples semi-final
At KBCC: J. S. Shedd, G. Stark, J. E. Baxter, R. B. Marshall (TC) v. D. C. Symons, A. M. Alves, F. R. Kermant and J. S. Landolt (KCC).

Men's Pairs semi-final
At HKCC: P. H. Shaw and F. O. Mander (CCC) v. J. Chubb and T. E. Baker (KCC).

At KCC: L. A. Marques and A. B. Marques (Rec) v. E. G. Barros and F. Lee (CCC).

TOMORROW
Men's Singles semi-final
At KCC: F. R. Kermant (KCC) v. L. M. Remedios (Rec).

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Is Quality Better Than Quantity?

"THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE HONGKONG FOOTBALL LEAGUE SHOULD COMPRISE NOT MORE THAN SIX OR AT THE MOST EIGHT TEAMS".

Take a deep breath before you start searching for bricks to throw at the MacTavish Topper for these are not my words.

The statement was made to me during the wedding reception in honour of Benny Omar and his charming bride at the Indian Recreation Club on Wednesday evening. Let me assure you it was no fly-by-night utterance made in the glowing mellowness of a convivial gathering.

It was a serious observation made, by a man who has been closely connected with senior football for thirty years; a man in fact who is still one of the most active influences behind all that is best in Hongkong football.

"Years ago competition was much keener," he said. "Players had to fight to get into senior soccer for the very good reason that there were only a few teams strong enough to play in the First Division. Today players swing round with the senior tag long before they are worthy of it and as a result our football has deteriorated steadily."

The situation has not been helped by the gathering system which is nowadays prevalent. It means that although there are many clubs in the senior division, real competition is confined to the matches between a select few. The remainder of the games which the big clubs have to play are devoid of interest except for those who speculate on the margin of the victory which the big boys will register."

Too True

I doubt if even the most enthusiastic football fan will find much to quibble about in that pointed comment. What this man of football has to say is only too true and during last season the tussle for the league trophy was a one horse race for most of the time although KMB did manage to sustain at least a superficial challenge for some months.

It is often easier to criticise than to offer constructive advice and so I lobbed one problem right back into my friend's penalty area.

I asked him point blank "What would you do to rectify the situation which exists at present?" His reply was prompt and precise: "Cut the number of Senior clubs immediately. Six is as many as we can support satisfactorily but it may be possible with good planning to have an eight-club competition. This would enable us to run two separate tournaments each season with a collection of teams much more evenly matched than those taking part in the present lopsided star-studded league programme. It would also provide much better soccer entertainment for the fans and it would certainly maintain their interest throughout the season instead of during the week-ends when the reasonably well-matched sides happen to be in opposition."

Worth A Place

My interest was certainly aroused and I asked just which team would figure in his hypothetical competition. "South China and KMB would almost certainly each be worth

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

a place. Then there should be a Combined Services side which would have a real chance of meeting the local Chinese teams on fairly level terms. After that I would suggest some sort of Kowloon Combined eleven. A Hongkong Combined side and some sort of Combined Civilian side which would include the present Hongkong Police team. That would provide the basic strength of the league. It is a matter for further consideration where we would find the other one, two, or three clubs to make up a league that would really be a balanced competition."

Well, there you have it. I can almost hear the groans of indignation from Kitcher, Eastern and Sing Tao supporters as I write. . . . but I ask you that there is a suggestion put forward by a Chinese football enthusiast who—in spite of everything—still believes that the game is more important than the personal-

ties, who are concerned, individual or collective.

There should be plenty in that to keep many of you anguishing over the week-end and further into the future. Ask yourself the question: Should we prune our First Division to smaller dimensions in the interests of better competition . . . and consequently . . . better football? Intriguing thought!

★ ★ ★
The rhythmic tattoo of leather on flesh and knuckles on leather has been heard with pleasing regularity in

the vicinity of the Missions To Seamen's gymnasium during the week.

A peep through the windows showed 20 virile young pugilists from various Army units gathered together for a coaches' training course. Under the guidance of Captain Murdoch-Chandler, Staff Sergeant Chandler and Sergeant Madden the 'students' are going through as tough a conditioning programme as one could devise.

First Venture

But it is not all brawn and the finer points of the 'noble art' are given comprehensive coverage. Theory and practice are intelligently mixed.

As far as I can trace this is the first venture of its kind to be held in the Colony by the Army Physical Training Corps. It is certainly a popular innovation and the units who have released men to take part in it will surely reap a rich benefit when they return and assist in the

job of coaching regimental boxing teams.

Another aspect which should not be overlooked is that the individuals concerned are, of course, boxes of some standing and their attendance on this concentrated course will put them in tip top physical condition for the new season.

Prospective opponents will have to get down quickly to the job of getting fit otherwise they will find themselves at a big disadvantage when serious competition commences. What better incentive could there be for all active boxes than to embark on a planned training programme without delay?

★ ★ ★

In the years I have been writing this column I have often made it quite clear that I have no intention of churning out the sort of sugar-sweet pleasantries that are more suitable for a society gossip round-up than a sports survey.

Nothing has happened to make me change my mind—or my principles—of writing without lies or reservations what I believe to be fair comment and criticism.

I mention this in passing this week because it is becoming increasingly obvious that we have a sprinkling of personalities in our sporting midst who sit back and fawn contextually under a shower of compliments but who squirm and twist as soon as criticism—however much it is justified—is levelled against them or their pet interests.

The 'Tip-Off'

I was rather amused the other evening to be given the 'tip-off' that one or two people 'didn't like' my two articles on the KMB fiasco in Singapore.

Everywhere you turn somebody seems to be falling over

himself to minimise or explain away the conduct of the players.

There is the strangest reluctance to face up to the fact that a touring team carries an extra special responsibility on its shoulders and that its behaviour . . . good or bad . . . is international news. When something like the KMB incident occurs the international news angle is not that KMB were involved in an unsavoury affair but that HONGKONG FOOTBALLERS were involved. That is the really important thing at stake.

The latest proposal is that the touring Bussmen should now return to Singapore fortified by the four Hongkong representative players who were flown to Malaya for the Anniversary Competition.

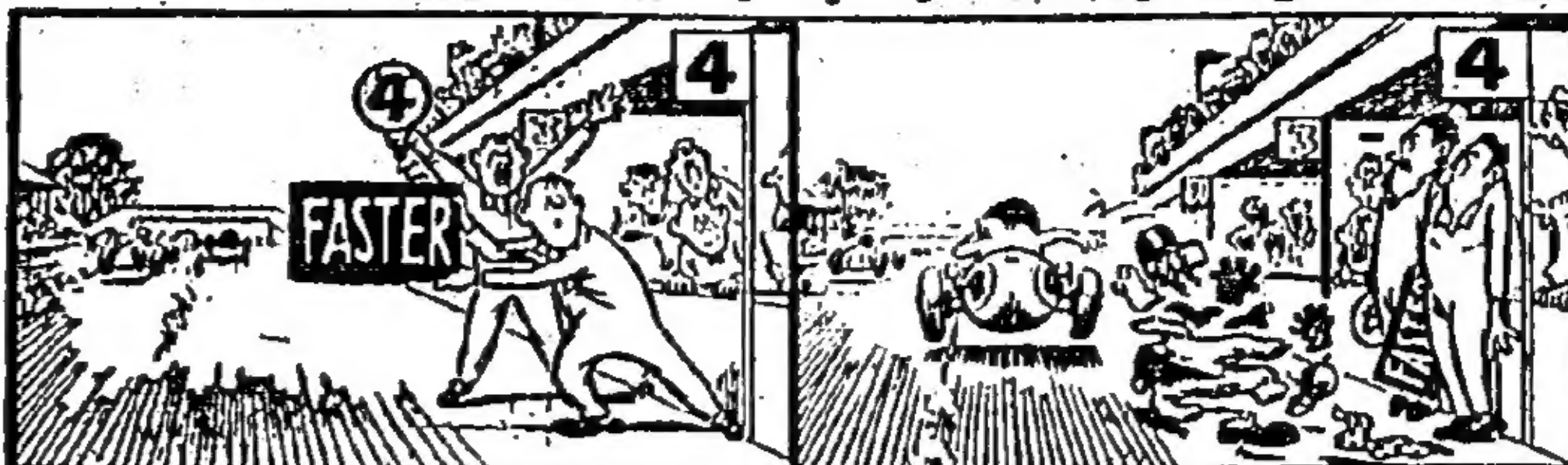
A Grave Error?

This venture, according to the planners, is going to restore the goodwill which was so completely destroyed the last time KMB appeared at Jalan Besar Stadium. . . . but one wonders what the Hongkong Football Association will think about such an arrangement and the obvious risks which are involved. It could be a grave error.

It would surely be better for all concerned if KMB returned quietly to Hongkong and allowed the HKFA to decide, on the merits of their case, how much of the criticism levelled against them has been justified.

The KMB controversy has been rather submerged by the current news regarding South China's unfortunate experience in India and Burma. Personally I deplore the introduction of politics into sport but in these unusual times unusual things happen . . . and my only comment is that South China should have prepared their itinerary with greater care and enlightenment before they left Hongkong.

This present embarrassment could have been prevented.



THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable
Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Sole Distributors: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

BIGGEST TRAVEL BARGAIN EVER!



See more with
Pan Am's

SEE MORE WAY to EUROPE

Visit up to 15 extra cities at no extra fare

Take a grand tour of Europe with Pan Am's See-More-Way. Visit a dozen or more extra cities for the regular round-trip fare to only one—the most distant city on your trip. Fly Pan Am's See-More-Way, also, to the U.S.A. or around the world. If you wish, combine your See-More-Way trip with Pan Am's new Polar service between Europe and the U.S. West Coast. Ask your travel agent or Pan American for free folder on Pan Am's See-More-Way to Europe, the U.S.A. and round the world.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Alexandra House, Phone 37031, Hong Kong

Finest Service Round the World

PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Pan American World Airways, Inc., incorporated in New York, U.S.A., with limited liability

A Conversation Between Britain's Racing Drivers

'THE DANGER MAKES THE SPORT'

SINCE the death of Peter Collins in the German Grand Prix many people have wondered how the tragedy would affect his old rivals and close friends Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn.

In London last week we recorded this frank conversation with Peter Gannier, Sports Editor of the "Autocar".

GANNIER: Many people have asked me whether either of you would retire soon in view of Peter Collins's death. Is there anything you care to say?

HAWTHORN: Naturally, immediately after it happened I didn't want to go on. But both Peter's widow Louise and his father said I should not give up, and on reflection I couldn't see what good it would do.

MOSS: I feel I should retire until I get the world championship—though it looks as if I shan't get it this year because of Mike!

GANNIER: Does the championship bring to the front the best drivers?

MOSS: Normally yes. But take Peter Collins two years ago. He told me that he would have been embarrassed if he had won it. Remember how he handed his seat over to Fangio in the Italian Grand Prix and let him become champion. He knew and we knew that he wasn't the best; he was one of the best. But the championship is the fullest method that can be arranged.

GANNIER: Is there a small category at the top in Grand Prix racing in a separate group?

HAWTHORN: I think there is. At the beginning of this year it was about seven. With Fangio's retirement and the deaths of Muro and Collins it's down to three or four, but, of course, as we retire the top and coming drivers will take over. At the moment I think most of Allison and Hill who are both British. But this new Italian Junior, 1,100 c.c. formula is bound to throw up some good drivers. Italy had to start it—they just haven't got anyone.

GANNIER: There has been some speculation about increasing now rules on Grand Prix racing to make it safer. What do you think of this?

HAWTHORN: I think it's worth remembering that in every Grand Prix since the war there have been only three fatal accidents. One occurred before Stirling and I started and the other two—Muro and Collins—both in the last few weeks.

MOSS: Grand Prix racing is the safest. You have the pick of the best cars and the best drivers. It's the most dangerous of all. It's accepted unwritten code between drivers, though it applies to only a very small group. For example, I think there are only three men I would pass on the outside of a curve—the most dangerous move in motor racing.

HAWTHORN: Yes, many drivers would panic if you did that.

MOSS: It's like two men on a trapeze. One man knows that the other is not going to let him fall. For example, if I'm on the limit at a corner and Mike is too, he knows I won't do something damn silly.

GANNIER: The circuits themselves are made safer?

MOSS: Those poles at Monte Carlo and the ditches at Rheims are preventable hazards, but I don't think you can stop a Grand Prix circuit being naturally hazardous. As long as there is a good surface a Grand Prix driver should be able to race anywhere.

HAWTHORN: I entirely agree. People tell you Silverstone is the safest circuit and Nurburgring the most dangerous—that it should be banned. But I guarantee eight out of ten drivers prefer the Nurburgring. At Silverstone the other week I suddenly thought, "I don't like this track." I was bored.

MOSS: An expert bridge player would not enjoy playing with novices like Mike and myself. He wants to play with his equals. It's the same with racing. The danger makes the sport. It's the challenge it presents, and at Nurburgring it happens to be the 176 corners you have to take.

HAWTHORN: Yes, at Silverstone if you make a mistake there is always the escape road. It takes the pleasure out of racing—a sort of aquatic pleasure, I suppose.

MOSS: If I were a high-wire walker I wouldn't use a net. As long as they could poke me or off on, I don't see why they should try to make circuits safer.

HAWTHORN: If a driver isn't capable of dealing with a circuit like the Nurburgring then

he shouldn't race on it. Peter Collins knew all about the circuits and he wouldn't have raced if he thought he couldn't.

MOSS: The real tragedy is if a driver is killed through somebody else's fault.

GANNIER: And in the case of Collins, it is fair to say he made the mistake himself?

HAWTHORN: I think so. I think he just accelerated too soon.

MOSS: The only people one must make sure about are the spectators. But I do feel that if a driver doesn't like a circuit he should have the guts to say so. That may actually take more courage than driving. I for one will not drive in the Indianapolis-type race at Monza again.

GANNIER: Do you think that Monza should not be held at all?

MOSS: If the Americans want to race at Monza, let them. People are always trying to tell us what to do. Why should they? We don't go and tell John Cunningham not to test new aircraft.

GANNIER: Fangio is reported to have said that cars were getting too light. What do you say?

HAWTHORN: From 1934-37 there was a maximum weight limit of 750 kilograms (or 1,653 lb.) and you could have any engine size. A 1937 5.0 litre Mercedes developed about 646 b.h.p. Today a formula one car develops less than half that power, 280 b.h.p., and has nearly the same weight.

MOSS: Yes, and the easiest car to drive is the lightest—the 500 c.c.

HAWTHORN: While the heavy sports car is the hardest—it's much more difficult to hold.

MOSS: I took a Cooper to the Argentine because I thought that if the race was going to be difficult I could drive it longer than Mike could handle.

HAWTHORN: And the lighter the car the less likely you are to have tyre trouble.

GANNIER: Don't you think there are too many races nowadays? Because if you win you might have driven in a dozen a year; now it's more like thirty.

HAWTHORN: No, on the contrary I think it helps the driver keep in form, provided he gets enough sleep in between. Take runners, for example, or pianists; they practise all the time.

MOSS: I reckon if I sleep in my own bed sixty-five days

out of the year that's heck of a lot.

GANNIER: What about your fight from Silverstone to race at Caen the next day? Wasn't that too much?

MOSS: No, because I was having dinner in France at 8.15 p.m. I expected I was in bed earlier than Mike and he didn't even leave the country.

HAWTHORN: Frankly I can't remember when I went to bed!

GANNIER: Is there an optimum age for drivers?

MOSS: Not really. It depends how much responsibility you have had and how much you can take. To lead a team means much more responsibility than being number two.

HAWTHORN: Yes and it's so much a matter of confidence. Take me in 1956. Everyone said I was finished and frankly I thought so myself. But last year I began to regain my confidence. People said Stirling was finished because he had been having a lot of mechanical trouble with his

cars. Fangio is the only exception. We are continually changing positions but he is always the same. I was watching him only a few weeks ago and he was fantastic. He was so precise and neat, and following him I was going all over the place.

GANNIER: Are you ever conscious of reaching the peak of your form?

HAWTHORN: I know when not on form; if I don't feel like going fast I don't. Stirling is consistent all the time.

MOSS: There is a lot of psychology attached to it. If I take over a car that is well at the back I may start to feel that I'm going better than I have for a month—because of challenge.

GANNIER: And retirement depends on the championship—which in turn depends on Mike?

MOSS: Yes.

HAWTHORN: Whether I get the championship or not I shall retire in two years' time—completely, once and for all.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- 5,000 metres and 10,000 metres.
- The highest number of Test appearances by any player—86.
- Previously Wally Hammond held the record with 85 appearances.
- Bowling.
- In boxing, "A Mary Ann" and a "Bunch of Fives" are slang terms for a type of knock-out punch and a fist.
- Stanley Cullis, Jimmy Anderson, Ted Drake and Billy Wright.
- Doug Insole, Subba Row, Maurice Tremlett and Colin Cowdrey.
- Ceratty—after his coach Percy Ceratty.
- The Grand National.
- Godfrey Evans.

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



RADO SWISS MADE



Quality watch for everyone

Cooking Problems Solved



